

*Dick's paint brush did more than capture the beauties of sea and land; it captured the hearts of the rough fishermen and young people as well.*

## Fisherman's Lighthouse



The fog horn was sounding out over the Pacific and the flash of the lighthouse was scarcely visible. It was after midnight, and still a light was burning in the Community Church of the tiny fishing village of Westport on the Washington coast.

Inside someone was painting a wooden bench. Suddenly the door opened, and in walked . . . an angel! To the young man at work painting the bench the newcomer looked anything but an angel, for he was unshaven and wore canvas trousers and a woolen jacket like those worn by all the local fishermen.

"You the preacher here?" the visitor asked.

"That's right," the surprised painter replied, "my name is Dick Rettew."

"My name is John," said the man. "Do you know, this is the first time I've been in a church for twenty years. Fishermen are not much of a crowd to sit around in church with all the women."

"I would think," said Dick, "That fishermen would need as much faith in

God as anybody else; in fact, maybe more."

The grizzled stranger shook his head. "What's always puzzled me is why He picked fishermen anyhow. You know, fishermen were the first Christians. Really there isn't a fellow down at the docks that doesn't believe in God. They're just afraid to admit it."

The stranger continued, "I hear you're going to paint this old building." Dick replied by pointing to several five-gallon cans of paint. "Yes, if we can get someone to lend us a spray-gun," he said.

"That's what I heard," replied John. "Well, I got a spray-gun and a hose long enough to reach up that tower. Any time you say the word I'll come around and give her a coat. How about tomorrow?"

Dick said that it was only then that he suspected the true nature of this nocturnal church-goer and began to look him over for wings.

Dick Rettew, a student in Princeton Theological Seminary, had only re-

cently arrived in the little fishing village for a summer of work under the Board of National Missions. Encouraged by the volunteer "angel" with the spray-gun, he began to look for other help, for the old building not only needed paint but foundations and a new surface on the interior and new drapes and new furniture.

It was a motley crew that turned up to begin work. There was a crab fisherman who worked when the sea was too rough. A light-boat coast guardsman helped when on shore leave. The school teacher and his father built a new communion table, while his wife made new draperies for the sanctuary. A caravan of college students stopped for a week and helped.

There was first surprise, and then a new light on their faces when on the morning of the first day of work Dick took out his Testament and began to read, "According to the grace of God which was given unto me, as a wise masterbuilder I laid a foundation; and another buildeth thereon. But let each man take heed how he buildeth thereon. For other foundation can no man lay than that which is laid, which is Jesus Christ."

When dedication day arrived, the little brown church, no longer brown, but a shining white, was filled with people whose hands had worked the miracle. And Dick saw his vision coming true, that within this little town there might be another lighthouse, the Lighthouse of God.



*Daily Vacation Bible School. The leaders were all local people who responded to Dick's call for help.*



*The "angel" with the spray-gun.*



*The Coast Guardsman, the schoolteacher and the fisherman at work on the foundation.*

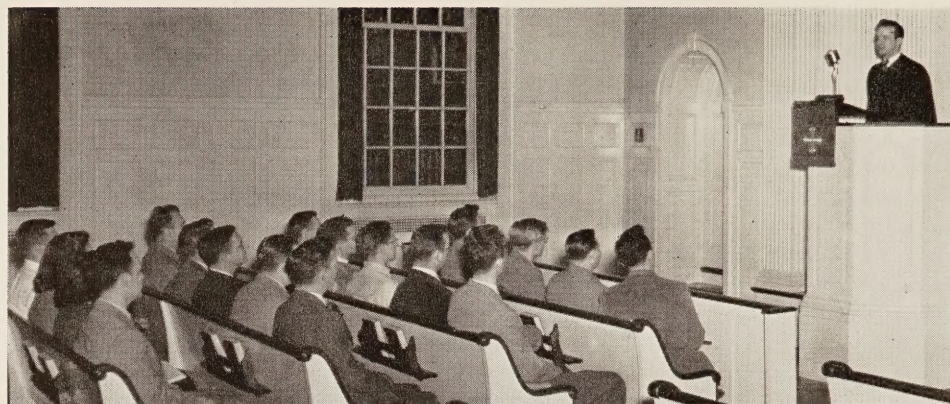


*Two of Dick's young people who went with him to a Junior Hi camp volunteered for Christian service.*



*A Practice Sermon.  
"Princeton Seminary produces  
great preachers." To be worthy  
of such appraisal, three years  
of strenuous training,  
supervision and practice are required.*

## The Making of a Minister



Just what do they do in a theological seminary? What happens in the three short years between the morning when a young man gets his sheepskin from college or university and the morning when he stands in the pulpit and says, "My text you will find in . . .?"

Of course, something happens before he gets the sheepskin. It is that unique experience, never the same for any two men, when God lays hold on him and he receives a "call." Sometimes this comes with dramatic suddenness, sometimes as a slow and growing awareness that for him life's perfect fulfilment is to be found in preaching "the unsearchable riches of Christ." The Voice may come to him in the vesper service of a youth camp, under the influence of his Sunday School teacher or pastor, but, more often than in any other way, through the quiet benediction of life in a Godly home.

Next to the divine call, and always secondary to it, are the tools of his trade, placed in his hands during his three years in a theological seminary. There is no magic in acquiring them except the magic of hard work, and

once the layman understands the meaning of a few long words by which these tools are called, there is no mystery behind them.

His first and basic tool is a knowledge of the Bible. Strangely enough, in spite of a favorable background, many a college graduate knows more about biology than he knows about the Bible. Before all else, the minister-to-be in Princeton Seminary comes to know his Bible. He learns the story of its making, the march of its narrative, the music of its poetry, the meaning of its prophecy, and the great purpose of its unfolding message with its culmination in Christ. More than this, if in "rightly dividing the word of truth," he would match the skill of the surgeon in the operating room, he must know Hebrew, the mother tongue of the Old Testament, and Greek, the mother tongue of the New Testament.

The forbidding word "Theology" describes another tool. It becomes not only interesting but fascinating as he finds it to be a journey of exploration into the great minds of the Church through the ages as they have sought to understand the eternal purposes of

God, and as nearly as possible to bring them within the range of human understanding, that men may know what they believe and why they believe it.

"Homiletics" is another tool, even more formidable in its sound. In plain English, it simply means the art of writing a sermon,—the ability to take the old, familiar words of the book, and under the guidance of the Spirit, to bring out their hidden messages of beauty and of power; and then with unerring deftness to apply them to the needs of men. The preacher must learn not only to put his God-given message on paper, he must also learn to present it with humility and conviction, so that perplexed and sinful men and women will not say, "What a wonderful sermon!" but, "God has spoken, I must act."

"Church History" is the tool by which the minister sets his message in the perspective of the centuries. It is the ongoing story of the Acts of the Apostles. What the eleventh chapter of Hebrews did for the faith of the early Christians, the minister who can trace the hand of God through two thousand years of Christendom, can



*Informal groups meet to hear prominent visitors and to discuss the problems of the church in the modern world.*

There was a dream that men could speak  
thoughts of their own choosing;

There was a hope that men could one day  
stroll through streets at evening unafraid;

There was a prayer that each could speak  
to his own God in his own church.

That dream, that hope, that prayer, became America.

Now that same America is the dream,  
the hope, the prayer of the world.

*Courtesy of E. R. Squibb & Sons*



do for despairing men and nations in this tragic hour.

The tool of "Christian Education" puts to work in the service of the gospel the methods of modern secular education at its best. The minister must not only be master of the skills which he alone will use, he must inspire, train, and supervise the lay leaders of his church to perform a score of tasks which he alone could never accomplish. Only as he thus learns to multiply his life can he overtake the opportunities which God has thrust into his parish.

"Ecumenics" is another tool, in some ways the most comprehensive of them all. No single English word in common usage will convey its meaning, so it is taken straight from the Greek word which means "the inhabited world." Ecumenics is, therefore, a world view of Christianity. As Church History informs the minister concerning Christendom in the past, Ecumenics informs him concerning the Christian world of his own day. The great missionary enterprise, the world movements for Christian unity, the message of the Church amid the confused ideologies of our time, these and a host of other issues created by a "shrinking" earth, must be the concern of the minister who would help men to see the hand of the God of History at work in this our day.

The list is far from complete. The man of God who would be "thoroughly furnished" needs much more than these. When next he stands before you on a Sunday morning, or when he calls upon you to carry your share of the tremendous burden committed to his charge, if he has mastered his tools, remember you are dealing with a "workman that needeth not to be ashamed."



A Professor and his group in Greek Exegesis study one of the Library's ancient manuscripts.

## PRINCETON CAMPUS RESPONDS TO WORLD NEED



At least four hundred students and faculty members at Princeton Seminary join each year in the campus drive for overseas aid. During the past three years the gifts have gone to Bethel Theological Seminary in Germany, to Presbyterian Mission work in Brazil, and to Korea. Nearly five tons of food and clothing and \$23,415 in cash have been collected for these areas of need.

## CHILDREN'S PRAYERS

Father, we thank thee for the night,  
And for the pleasant morning light;  
For rest and food and loving care,  
And all that makes the day so fair.

Help us to do the things we should,  
To be to others kind and good;  
In all we do, in work or play,  
To grow more loving every day.

*Amen*

Loving Jesus, meek and mild,  
Look upon a little child!

Make me gentle as Thou art,  
Come and live within my heart.

Take my childish hand in Thine,  
Guide these little feet of mine.

So shall all my happy days  
Sing their pleasant song of praise;

And the world shall always see  
Christ, the Holy Child, in me.

*Charles Wesley*

Back of the loaf the snowy flour,  
Back of the flour the mill,  
Back of the mill the wheat and the  
shower,  
The sun, and the Father's will.



Modern recording instruments make it possible for a young preacher to improve his speaking voice.

A man may travel to heaven either first class or second class. On the second class ticket are the words, "What time I am afraid I will trust." On the first class ticket are the words, "I will trust, and not be afraid."

*Dwight L. Moody*

Princeton Seminary not only serves students in training, but ministers and laymen as well, through its Summer Institute of Theology. The tenth session will be held July 9 to 19. For information write:

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life, and multiplied  
through other lives to  
the end of time.  
What a satisfaction  
to share in such an  
enterprise!  
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Princeton, New Jersey

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## WHAT IS PRINCETON THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY?



PRINCETON SEMINARY is twenty times this picture. These 400 young people, in training for full-time Christian service, are graduates of 172 colleges and universities. They come from 38 states and 22 foreign countries. While most of them are Presbyterians, almost every other Protestant denomination is represented in their number.

PRINCETON SEMINARY is an army of 10,000 ministers and missionaries who since 1812 have gone out as witnesses for Christ to the ends of the earth. Of this army, 3,802 are still at work in almost every country of the world.

PRINCETON SEMINARY is a part of America. It has grown up with the nation, and probably as much as any other institution it has shaped the character of American Protestantism.

PRINCETON SEMINARY is controlled by the Presbyterian Church. It has no official connection with its illustrious and friendly neighbor, Princeton University. It costs \$566,422 a year, or \$64.66 an hour, to meet the Seminary's current expense. About one-sixth of this comes officially from the Church. The remaining five-sixths comes from people like you who make their money immortal by investing it in life.

## The SPIRE

The picture on the cover of "THE SPIRE" shows the spire of Alexander Hall, first occupied by the students of Princeton Theological Seminary in 1817.

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PRINCETON, NEW JERSEY



# UNTO CHILDREN'S CHILDREN



"Pirates! PIRATES!"

Alarm swept the deck of the river steamer like a wind gone wild. Drawing their weapons, the ship's officers scrambled for posts of defense, but resistance was hopeless. Mothers grabbed their young and ran to hide.

In those days China's great waterway, the Yangtze, was infested with thieves. Without warning, their square-rigged junks would slip out of some secluded cove. They wanted cargo, and they didn't mind taking human life to get it.

Shouting and waving their knives, the raiders swarmed aboard. Bitterly the captain watched them load case after case of valuable bullion into the pirate junk. "All the cargo in the hold is not worth the blood of 900 defenseless passengers," he brooded. Suddenly his eyes widened with horror. There in the midst of the robbers was his three-year-old son. Unconscious of the danger, the child had slipped away from those in hiding. He preferred to play on deck with the "visitors."

Adventure seems to run in this lad's family. Away back in 1848 his great-grandfather, Joseph Wight, went out from Princeton Seminary with his young bride to pioneer mission work in Shanghai. Among other remarkable accomplishments, they raised a family of eighteen children. Two of these were twin boys, whom they named "Luther" and "Calvin."

In time Calvin Wight became a sailor, but the missionary call was stronger than the call of the sea. He too enrolled at Princeton Seminary and graduated in 1895. Until he died a few years later, he continued the work in China which his father had begun.

Calvin Wight's missionary devotion did not die with him. His wife and daughter Frances, in turn, devoted

their lives to the mission school at Tungchow. Through famine and rebellion they guided their students in the Christian life.

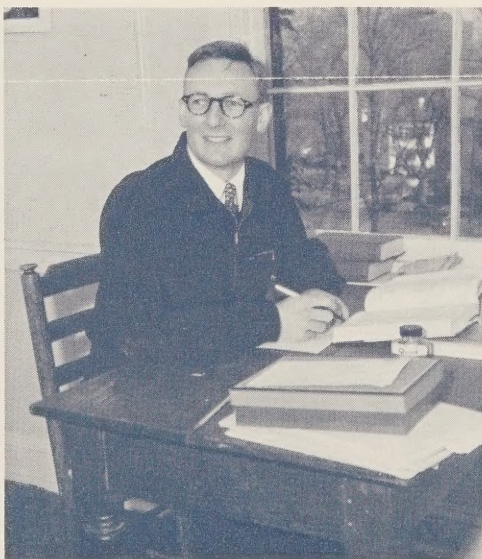
On a voyage down the China coast Frances met a Scottish sea captain named Cook. They married. Hong Kong in the 1930's was a city of cruel contrasts with its three hundred millionaires and its twenty-seven thousand beggars who regularly slept in the streets. Here the pair made their home and reared the first of six children, Calvin Wight Cook.

The boy grew up under the menacing shadow of counter-marching war lords. He saw his father's ship plundered by pirates and torn by typhoons. But the spirit of a great missionary heritage shaped his life far more than any of these. One Sunday during Church School in the Hong Kong Cathedral, a teacher asked his class of

six-year-olds what they planned to be. Calvin's hand flew up. "I'm going to be a minister," he said. In the years that followed, as he discovered more of what the ministry means, commitment deepened into conviction.

1941—War! The Cooks, now eight in all, were torn apart and imprisoned in three widely separated Japanese prison camps. The father was in one, the mother with the three younger children in another, and Calvin, fourteen years old, with a younger brother and sister in a third. After seven months of dreadful anxiety, they found themselves reunited, and with other prisoners of war, placed on a captured British ship under the Japanese flag. Then came more anxious days and blacked-out nights of travel in constant dread of American and British torpedoes. Then came a transfer to a neutral vessel. Finally they saw in the distance the friendly lights of the city of Lourenco Marques in South Africa, and knew that at last they were safe.

Calvin went to college in South Africa, then to Cambridge University in England. Now, on the campus of Princeton Seminary, where his grandfather and great-grandfather lived and studied, he is doing graduate work. He plans to return as a missionary to South Africa to deal with piracy of a different kind. There men are robbed of their dignity as creatures of God by intense racial hatred, by economic injustice, and by the bondage of paganism. The situation was hopeless that day on his father's ship on the Yangtze. But Calvin knows that the situation in Africa is not hopeless. He knows that the Christ who makes all men brothers, can deliver them from this most vicious piracy of all.



*Calvin Cook in his room in Princeton Seminary prepares for the degree of Doctor of Theology.*



*He leads the service in Miller Chapel where his great-grandfather worshipped as a student one hundred and three years ago.*

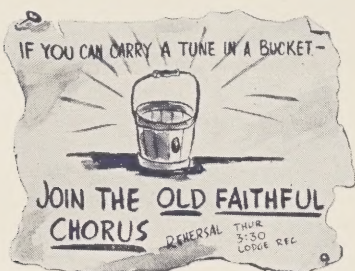


# Cathedral of the Canyon

Five "savages"\* were bent over a mess table in Old Faithful Inn.

"Hurry up, Art," said the others, "we've got to get these signs up tonight." Art found a dozen sheets of brown wrapping paper and began splashing furiously with brush and ink.

"How's this?" he asked.



That was Sunday night. A week later 120 "savages" had turned out for rehearsal. A bellhop's dream of a student ministry in Yellowstone Park was coming true.

Warren Ost had just completed his first year at Princeton Seminary. In previous seasons at the Park as a bellhop he had felt the need for a full program of Christian activities in America's largest and most famous

*\*The young people who work in Yellowstone call themselves "savages."*



National Park. Where 3,000 college students come to work, and where 1,200,000 visitors are present every summer, a Christian has an enormous responsibility.

Three weeks after the wrapping paper signs appeared on trees and notice boards, the choir was ready for its first service. At twilight 1,500 "savages" and visitors came together around a campfire in the amphitheatre for evening prayer. Warren led the Old Faithful Chorus in "Abide With Me" and "Now the Day is Over," and the vast congregation joined in. When the benediction had been sung, a new generation of student employees realized that priceless values might be added to their lives in these hitherto

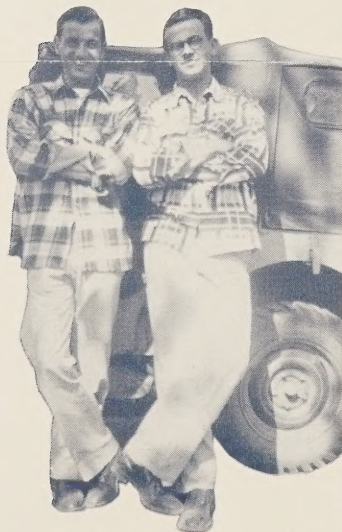
wasted hours of their leisure time. And as they bowed amid the majestic glory of nature, they became deeply aware of its Creator.

Last summer Warren Ost returned to the Park, bringing with him Don Bower, another student from Princeton Seminary. They worked together as the first student pastors in Yellowstone's history. The Old Faithful Chorus grew into five choruses. And the original vesper hour around the campfire became a flourishing ministry with seven services of worship every Sunday. At the height of the season 1,500 regularly gathered for worship somewhere in the Park.

When faith dawns, men instinctively reach for the light. Many of the "savages" began to meet with Don and Warren after working hours to share with them their deepest problems and to find help in those areas of life for which only the guidance of the Spirit is sufficient. These hours of counsel often lasted until two or three a.m. They planned retreat camping trips to Lake Solitude in the Teton Mountains. By the time summer was over some had been baptized.

Again this summer Warren Ost, now ordained and a graduate of Princeton Seminary, will be the minister in Yellowstone Park. "Hank" Strock, another Princeton Seminary man, will assist him. Their work is encouraged by the National Park Service, but supported entirely by the offerings of the thousands of Christians from all over the world who worship in the Park.

And every Sunday night in rustic



Don Bower and Warren Ost from Princeton Seminary, student ministers in Yellowstone for the summer of 1950.



One of the seven services held in the Park every week. Here the visitors joined the "Savages" in common worship.



A section of Old Faithful Chorus practices for the next big sing.





The "Savages" relax after working hours. Often in these groups the discussion turned to the quest of a faith by which to live.

Canyon Lodge, visitors and "savages" alike will bow their heads at the call to prayer:

"The spray of the falls is our altar,  
The canyon walls our stained glass,  
The blue sky our vaulted ceiling.  
O God, come to us through Jesus Christ,  
As we worship in the Cathedral of the Canyon."

### THE BURDEN OF THE DAY

The camel kneels at break of day  
To have his guide replace his load,  
Then rises up anew to take  
The desert road.

So thou shouldst kneel at morning's dawn  
That God may give thee daily care:  
Assured that He no load too great  
Will make thee bear.

The camel at the close of day  
Kneels down upon the sandy plain,  
To have his burden lifted off  
And rest again.

My soul, thou too shouldst to thy knees  
When daylight draweth to a close,  
And let thy Master lift the load  
And grant repose.

FIVE MINUTES A DAY by ROBERT E. SPEER  
Courtesy of Westminster Press

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## THE BEGINNING IN PRINCETON'S FORWARD PROGRAM

President John A. Mackay turns the first spadeful of earth for the new Alumni Hall, the first unit in Princeton's Forward Program. There will be dining facilities for 460, an auditorium seating 400, an alumni room, faculty and student lounges, guest rooms, faculty-student conference rooms, a student council room, and a snack counter. The corner-stone was laid at commencement time. The total cost with furnishings will be



\$900,000, of which \$692,500 is now in hand. Many friends of Princeton Seminary are subscribing to memorials in amounts of from \$250 upward.

### BEYOND THE DOOR

A dying man when informed by his devotedly Christian doctor that the end was very near, asked the doctor if he had any conviction as to what awaited him in the life beyond. The doctor fumbled for an answer. But ere he could speak, there was heard a scratching at the door; and his answer was given him. "Do you hear that?" he asked the patient. "That is my dog. I left him downstairs, but he grew impatient and has come up and hears my voice. He has no notion what is inside that door, but he knows I am here. You do not know what lies beyond the Door, but you know your Master is there."

AND THE LIFE EVERLASTING by JOHN BAILLIE  
Courtesy of Charles Scribner's Sons

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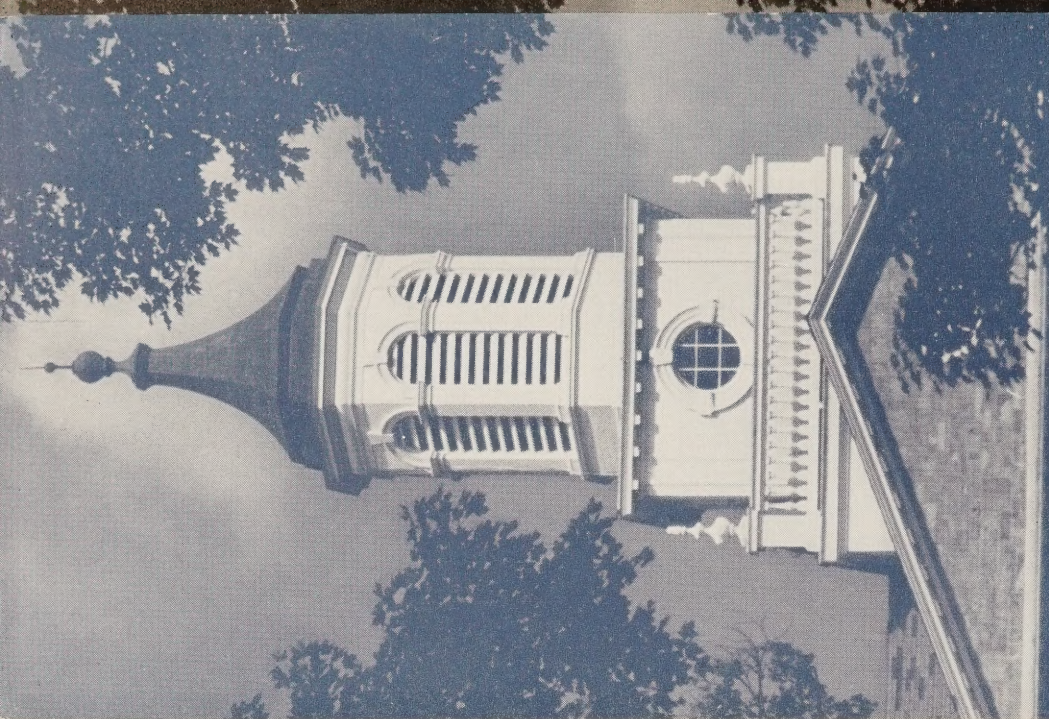
*"Hearts to love Thee,  
Lips to praise Thee,  
Lives to serve Thee."*

This summer they will sing to the heart of America. From the Great Lakes to the Gulf of Mexico; from Princeton to Hollywood, these twenty-two students from Princeton Seminary, by song and testimony, will bear witness to Jesus Christ.

Forty thousand people in churches, hospitals, prisons, universities, summer camps and civic groups will hear their message. Ten broadcasting stations will multiply it to many thousands more. In fifty-six days they will travel 13,000 miles and sing over one hundred times.

This is the sixth annual tour of the Princeton Seminary Choir under the direction of Dr. David Hugh Jones. Audiences in Cuba, Canada, Mexico, Alaska and in most of America have heard in their song and in the story of their life commitment, the redeeming message of the gospel.

A Canadian manufacturer after one service remarked, "I have not felt the presence of God so vividly in twenty years."



SUMMER 1951

# The SPIRE

PUBLISHED BY PRINCETON THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY  
PRINCETON, NEW JERSEY

## The SPIRE

ARLAN P. DOHRENBURG '52, STUDENT EDITOR

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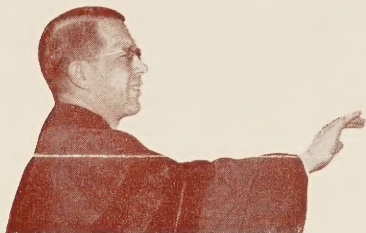
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# A Traveler's Tale

"Well son, now that your great adventure is over, tell us about it."

Dad laid aside his newspaper as though he were expecting a long, thoughtful conversation. It was an August evening, the day I returned from a thirteen thousand mile tour with the Princeton Seminary Choir. Drying her hands on her apron, mother left the supper dishes and joined the family circle.



"You told us in your letters how much you enjoyed seeing the sights and meeting the people, but . . ." I could tell by the way she spoke that mother hoped eight weeks of travel across America and back had meant more to me than a good time. And she was right—it had!

One Thursday morning we drove up to the Presbyterian Church of a small town in Texas. We were scheduled to sing there at 10 a.m., an unheard-of time for a weekday church service. The summer pastor, one of our fellow students back at Princeton Seminary, directed us to the Baptist Church. "They have offered us the use of their brand new building because we'll never be able to get all the people into ours," he said confidently.

Sure enough! In the middle of a Thursday morning, several hundred people streamed into the Baptist Church. Places of business all over town had closed their doors to make way for the worship of God! And not only Baptists and Presbyterians, but Christians of every major denomination including Roman Catholic, sat down side by side. It is one thing to know that all men are children of the same Heavenly Father, but it means much more to see them pray together in His house—and to pray with them.

A few days later we crossed the Rio Grande into Mexico. That river separates two vastly different cultures, but it cannot confine to either bank the spirit of Christ.

Just across the river is a small village called San Juan. The road to it, two narrow tracks for the wheels, cuts through miles and miles of open field. Most of the villagers live in one-room huts made of twigs and mud. At the far end of the town stands a weather-beaten frame church—Iglesia Presbyteriano — the first Protestant church in all of Mexico. All of us were deeply moved at the sight of these poverty-stricken people and their village.

One of the men of the Choir, whose home is in Ireland, introduced himself to the pastor and said, "I am sure the missionary society of my church back home would be glad to help your church and your people."

"Thank you, my son," the pastor replied in Spanish, "but our church is self-supporting, and by our gifts we are helping to support others."

As we drove away from San Juan that night, I knew what it means to sacrifice, to forget how little we have and to think only of how much we can give. The offering these poor Mexicans gave for the work of our Seminary was the greatest *per capita* the Choir has ever received.

Our Choir did not limit its activity to churches. Some of the experiences written deepest in my memory occurred in army camps, colleges, prisons, and hospitals.

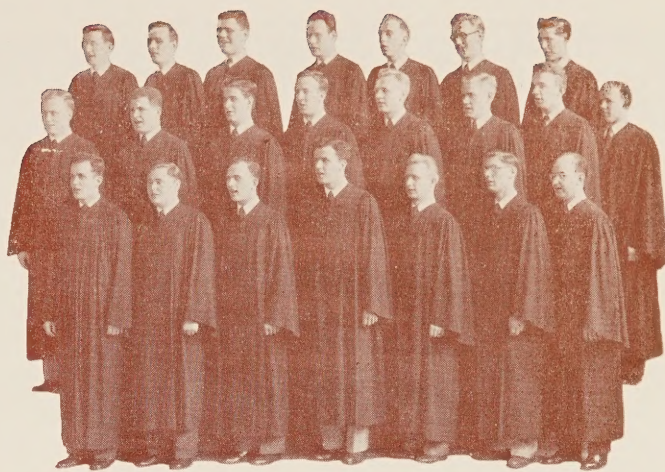
We visited a veterans' hospital one afternoon. After singing several fa-

miliar hymns in the corridor, we scattered to chat with the patients in the wards. A nurse was sitting by the bedside of an old man who looked so pale and lay so still that I wondered whether he were dead.

"This is Mr. Edwards," the nurse said, "come in and close the door; I think you will want to meet him. He came here after the first World War, paralyzed and blinded. Now he is also deaf. Nothing remains but his soul and the power of speech through which it finds expression.

"On our days off we nurses take turns writing down the poetry he dictates to us. Many of his volumes have been published, and with the profits he has bought two large buses, specially equipped to take other disabled patients to picnics and ball games. He is now working to buy his third bus."

As I finished telling mother and dad this story, the clock struck ten, the traditional hour for the family altar at our house. Dad reached for the Bible; the old words he read said something new to me this time: "O sing unto the Lord a new song; for He hath done marvelous things."



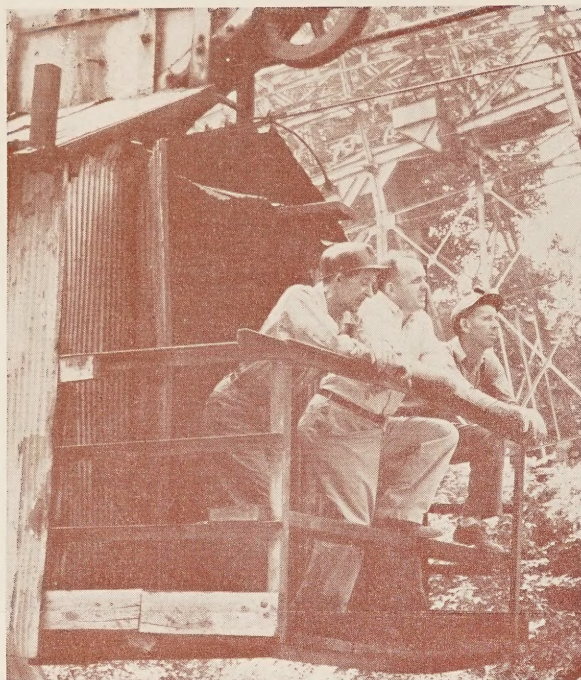
*Pictured above is the 1951 Princeton Seminary Choir and Dr. David Hugh Jones, Director.*



*This is the sixth summer tour of the Princeton Seminary Choir. They traveled 13,200 miles in 58 days and sang 126 times*

*including 21 broadcasts. On previous tours they have been to Cuba, Mexico, Canada and Northwestern United States, Canada and New England, and Alaska.*





*Dick Smith, Princeton Seminary '41, pioneer of the Mountaineer Mining Mission, and two of his elders.*

## Mining for Men

The Presbyterian missionary at Scotts Run never needs an alarm clock to start him off in the morning. Barely fifteen feet from his bedroom window the 6:11 comes roaring down the tracks with the day's first load of West Virginia coal. No alarm clock ever scattered dreams so effectively.

After his graduation from Princeton Seminary in 1941, Dick Smith awoke every morning for five years with that train whistle screaming in his ears. And long after the engine had lumbered by, he could hear its echoes in the hills, like voices from another world, reminding him that even the kingdom of coal must become the Kingdom of God.

The chapel at Scotts Run (local folks call it "The Shack") is also the Community Center. Here every month negro and white mothers alike bring

their babies to clinic. Early in the morning Dick is on hand to fire the furnace and set up equipment for the doctors and nurses. Today twenty-five squirming infants are waiting to be weighed, examined or inoculated.

"Good morning, Mrs. Davis," says Dick to a stout old negress at the door, "and how is Beulah?"

The four-year-old at her side grabs two small fistfuls of grandmother's broad apron and turns away shyly.

"O we's fine, Pastor Smith," Mrs. Davis replies. "Li'l Beulah done had a col', but she's now 'bout ovah it."

"Are you ready for Vacation Bible School next week, Beulah?"

"Yessuh!" says Mrs. Davis, "she sho' 'nough like it last year. She still singin' Bible School choruses 'roun' de house. Beulah chil', sing 'Shinin' for Pastor Smith."

Beulah obediently holds up one tiny brown finger (to represent a light) and pipes:

"This little light of mine,  
I'm gonna let it shine,  
Shine all ovah Scotts Run;  
Let it shine, let it shine, let it shine."

"Your turn next, Mrs. Davis," calls a voice from inside. Prompted by her grandmother, Beulah bids good-by to her friend the missionary and goes in to meet the doctor. If she had been born a few years earlier when there

was no clinic, Beulah might not have lived to enjoy the services of the West Virginia Mountaineer Mining Mission. But today the Church is there, ministering through its missionaries, doctors, and nurses, in the name of the Christ who cared for children.

Dick Smith's busy day at Scotts Run continues after lunch with a Weekday Bible School. Released from public school, a group of frisky boys and girls troop into "The Shack" for religious instruction. In two other parishes of the Mountaineer Mining Mission, missionaries and students of West Virginia University conduct similar schools. Through songs, Bible stories, and study projects, eight hundred school-age children are learning to know Jesus Christ.

Two nights of the week are Community Game nights in Scotts Run. At 7:30 young and old alike gather at "The Shack" for badminton, shuffleboard, ping-pong, or just wholesome Christian fellowship. Many young miners who used to lose their pay checks at a bootleg tavern down the street, now spend their time at the Center instead. In fact, several have become officers in the mission church.

After everyone has left, the missionary locks up "The Shack" and goes home. Surely he has earned his rest. Yet day is not done so long as there is someone who needs him. At ten o'clock the telephone rings.

"Hello! Pastor Smith? Joe Ziemienski, he very sick man — very sick man. Need doctor quick. Joe, he have no money. Can you get doctor?"

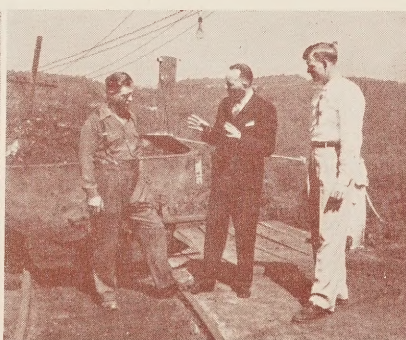
"I'll do my best," replies the missionary, pulling his shirt back on. "I'll go right away!"

Dick summons the doctor. Side by side they pick their way with flashlights through the darkened town, for there are no street lamps in Scotts Run. Up in the hills an oil lamp flickers dimly in the window of a wretched shanty. Inside, a human life is also burning low.

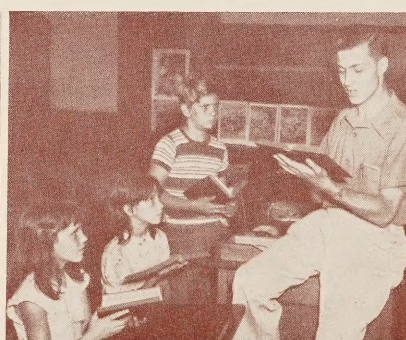
Under the mildewed blankets on the



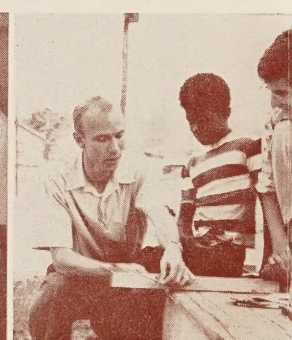
*Leroy Dillener, Princeton Seminary '47, posts a sign made by his Vacation Bible School at Four States.*



*Labor, management, and the Church work together. Left to right: president of the Miners' Union, Dick Smith, and a representative of the Coal Company.*



*Miners' children at Bertha Hill study the Bible with Dick Meloy, Princeton Seminary '53.*



*Tom Moffett, Princeton Seminary '50, plans a woodcraft project with Bible School pupils at Scotts Run.*



cot, an old miner is breathing heavily. The doctor shakes his head, does what he can, and leaves him to the missionary.

Joe had been a Roman Catholic before he emigrated from Poland in 1915, but since then he has lost all contact with organized Christianity. At his request, Dick sits down on the cot and prays for him.

When the prayer is ended, the missionary talks sincerely and simply of Jesus Christ:

"Have you accepted Him as your Lord and Saviour?"

"Yah," is the feeble reply, "but I been bad man many time. I drink, gamble, get into fight."

"Yes, all of us are bad men in some way. But Jesus forgives bad men when they are sorry for their sins."

"Forgive me too?"

"Yes, you too, if you say you are truly sorry."

"I am sorry. I very glad to know Jesus care for me."

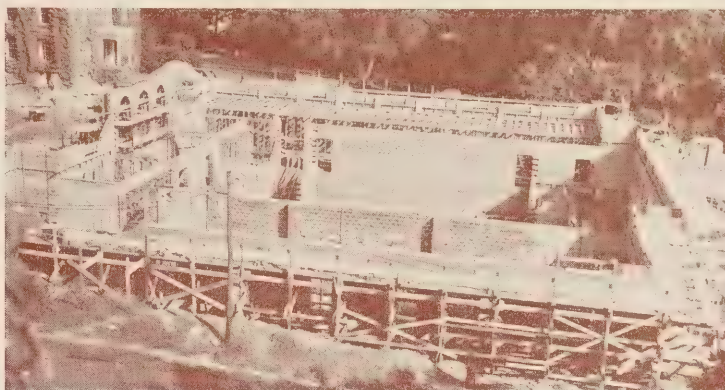
Much of the pain in the wrinkled old face has disappeared now. The burden of disease still weighs upon the body. But the burden of sin on the heart is no more.

The missionary calls Joe's nearest neighbor to stay with the dying man for the night, and then winds his way down the hill toward home. As he walks, he prays silently for his parish,—the Presbyterian Mountaineer Mission, scattered over many miles of rough mountains and valleys. He prays for the miners who spend long hours in the caverns of the earth, for the youth who are learning to love the Church through its program of worship and recreation, for the Weekday Bible School and the Baby Clinic. He prays too for his fellow-workers, ministers a few years younger than himself, theological students, university boys and girls, who labor with him that Jesus Christ, like the light in Beulah's song, may "shine all over Scotts Run."



Seminary project with Jordan.

At the Canyon Community Church, Bruce Davis, Princeton Seminary '51, dismisses Sunday School.



"SO BUILT WE THE WALL." — Nehemiah 4:6.

The summer issue of THE SPIRE showed the breaking of ground for the new Student Center at Princeton Seminary. This picture was taken September 10th. The building is nearly 2½ times the area of Alexander Hall. Literally thousands of friends and alumni of Princeton Seminary have given in amounts of from \$1 to \$55,000. Of the \$900,000 needed for building and furnishings, \$725,000 is in hand in cash and bona fide pledges. With further help from our friends the remaining \$175,000 will be in hand by the close of 1951.

The banquet hall was filled with guests who had come to honor the great actor. When dinner was over they urged him to recite for them, and someone suggested the twenty-third Psalm. Among those present was a white-haired old minister.

"I will recite the Psalm," said the actor, "on condition that the minister also recite it."

The actor's recital was followed by long applause. Complete silence followed the minister's recital, but everywhere in the great hall eyes were wet with tears.

Said the actor quietly, "I know the twenty-third Psalm; this man knows the Shepherd."

"By no conceivable set of circumstances will it be possible to solve by materialism the titanic problems, domestic and international, with which humanity is faced today. The ultimate answers to the questions that humanity raises are not, and never have been in the flesh. . . .

"The way out is the sound of a Voice, not our voice, but a Voice coming from something not ourselves, in the existence of which we cannot disbelieve. It is the earthly task of the pastors to hear this Voice, to cause us to hear it, and to tell us what it says."

*Fortune Magazine*

I heard the voice of the Lord, saying, "Whom shall I send, and who will go for us?"

Then said I, "Here am I; send me."

And He said, "Go . . ."

ISAIAH 6:8,9.

I had no shoes for my feet;  
And I grumbled  
Until I met a man along the road  
Who had no feet.

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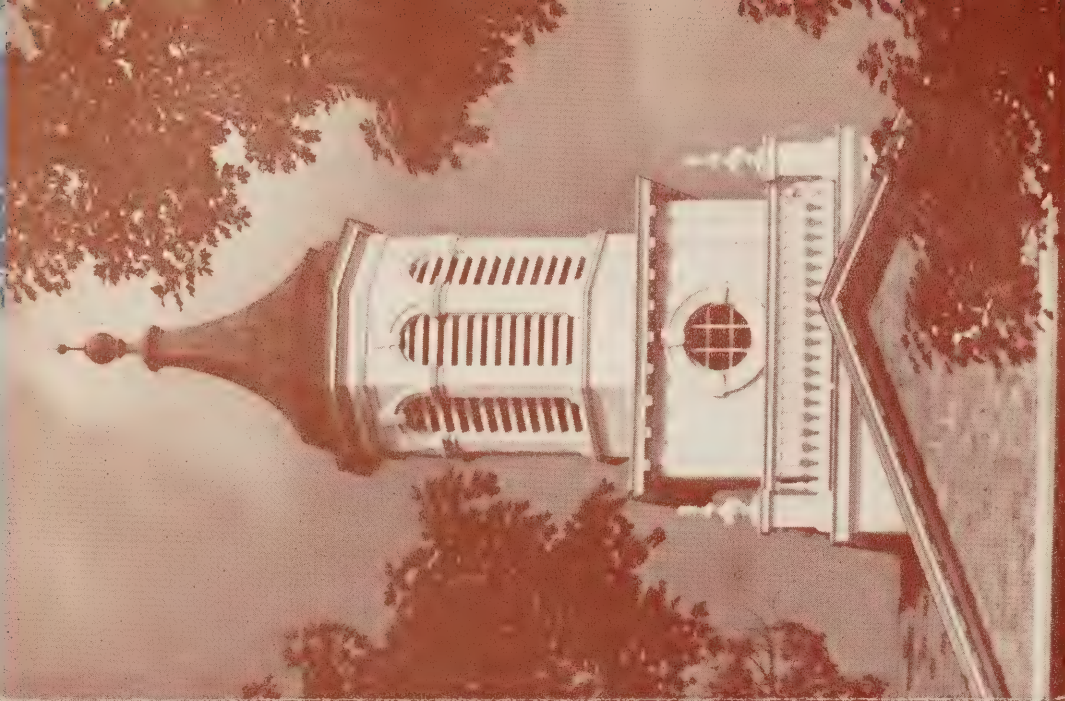
# The Prayer Immortal

*"Thy Kingdom come,  
Thy Will be done."*

Never since Time began  
Has mortal man  
Had sorer need to pray that prayer immortal.  
For ne'er before has Death's grim door  
Its gaping portal flung so wide,  
Nor man so gallantly defied  
His menace, and so vastly died;  
Never has life so racked and tortured been,  
Nor earth such deadly exigencies seen.  
And that full prayer of prayers  
In its divine simplicities  
Fills all the heights and depths  
Of our necessities.  
Granted in full it would bring Earth  
To Heaven, and unto Life—new birth.  
So—to your knees—  
And, with your heart and soul, pray God  
That wars may cease,  
And earth, by His good will,  
Through these rough ways, find peace!—

*"Thy Kingdom come!  
And, as in heaven,  
On earth Thy Will be done!"*

JOHN OXENHAM



## The SPIRE

ARLAN P. DOHRENBURG '52, STUDENT EDITOR

The picture on the cover of "THE SPIRE" shows the spire of Alexander Hall, first occupied by the students of Princeton Theological Seminary in 1817.

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# The SPIRE

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**PAID**  
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PUBLISHED BY PRINCETON THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY  
PRINCETON, NEW JERSEY



# Christ Still Lives in Korea

Have the Communist armies made of Jesus Christ a battle casualty? Are Christian missions a lost cause in war-torn Korea?

These pictures, taken recently by Raymond Provost, conclusively answer such questions. Ray was a second year student at Princeton Seminary in 1948 when he was called by the Board of Foreign Missions to teach chemistry and Bible at Chosen Christian University, Seoul. At the outbreak of war over a year ago he joined many other missionaries in the enormous task of transporting refugees from the stricken areas. Now continuing his studies at Princeton Seminary, Ray says that the war has destroyed forever the power of paganism in Korea and left a vacuum for Christ to fill.



1. Presbyterian missionary Harold Voelkel, Princeton Seminary '29, preaches every day to ten or twelve thousand prisoners from North Korean armies who gather voluntarily to hear him.

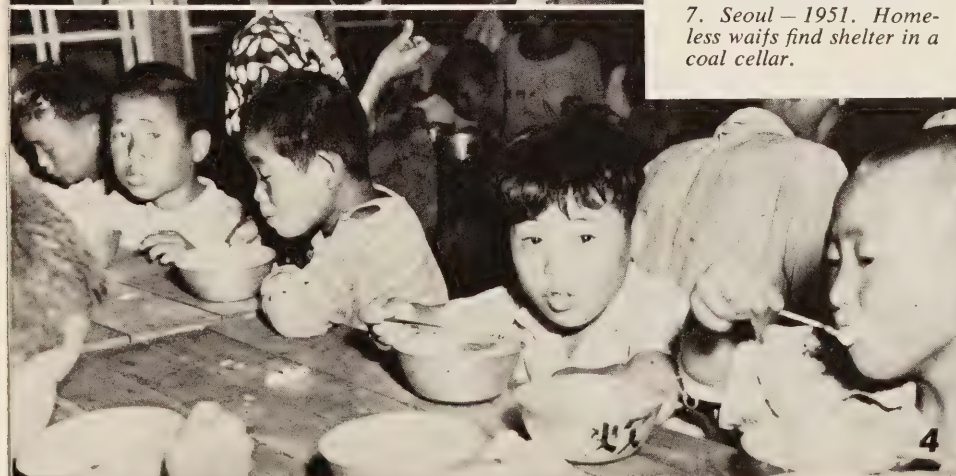


2. Chaplain John Troxler, Princeton Seminary '37, preaches to American soldiers twenty miles north of the 38th parallel.



3. Central Presbyterian Church, Pusan. Churches in Korea are crowded with worshippers. They hold prayer meetings every day at dawn, with three additional services on Sundays.

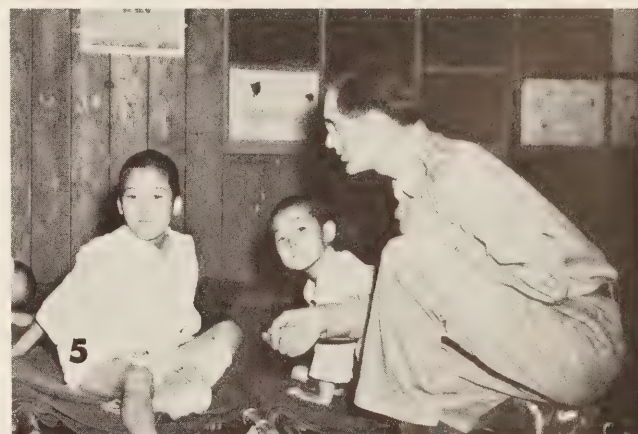
4. Thin gruel and nothing else is the fare of these refugee youngsters at Happy Mountain Orphanage, which American soldiers help to support.



5. Ray Provost, our photographer, visits wounded children in Happy Mountain Children's Hospital.

6. This woman, a Korean Christian, has 65 children rescued from battle areas. A Presbyterian missionary founded this orphanage in Taegu.

7. Seoul — 1951. Homeless waifs find shelter in a coal cellar.







# "Ironbound" Evangelist

formed a thousand times a day. He knew what a "lay-off" meant to men with families to support. "Chuck" Leber had been one of them.

Now it was time to put away the welder's mask and the canvas gloves. He thought of the green campus and the ivy-covered walls of Princeton Theological Seminary to which he was soon to return to complete his preparation for the ministry.

"That's a far cry," you may say, "from a welder to a seminary student." But "Chuck" didn't think so. All during the years of manual labor his mind had been busy with just one question: "How can the Church bring Christ to the industrial communities of America?" It is little wonder that when he was graduated from Princeton Seminary in 1949, God had a special job for him.

live within its three square miles.

One day, shortly after the Lebers moved to Newark, a church worker stopped at a neighborhood "Five-and-Ten" to buy some handicraft materials.

"Why in the world are you buying so many things?" asked the clerk.

"Our Protestant Church is starting a Vacation Bible School," he told her.

"Your *what* church?" she asked.

"Our *Protestant* Church. It's right down on the corner."

"Oh, I thought that was a Catholic Church," said the clerk.

"We found, to our Protestant surprise," said "Chuck," "that thousands of people right here in the neighborhood did not even know of our existence, not to mention the thousands more who had no idea what we believe."

## THE "IRONBOUND" ORGANIZES

Leber told this story to the three other Protestant pastors in the Ironbound District: Methodist, Baptist, and Evangelical and Reformed. Together with their laymen, they formed the Ironbound Protestant Council. Obviously, their first step was to win the friendship of those outside the circle of the Church.

Every week-night this past summer,

"Chuck" Leber leaned against the brick wall of a great midwestern factory. During working hours he was a welder; but after the whistle blew, he had time to think. For two years he had worn dungarees in order to come to an understanding of the men on the production lines of American industry.

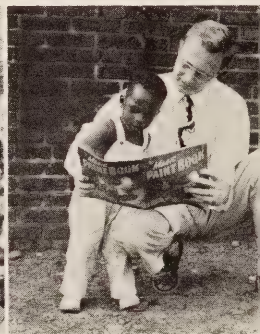
Gazing at the factories all around him, his eye could almost penetrate their walls. He could see the workmen at their jobs and hear the angry rumble of machinery and smell the hot fumes of the forges. "Chuck" was a part of all this. He knew the deadly monotony of a single task per-

## THE "IRONBOUND" CALLS

The Wolff Memorial Presbyterian Church had been a landmark in the Ironbound District of Newark, New Jersey, for eighty-eight years. Its good people realized that the changing community presented a need for a new type of ministry, and they called the Reverend Charles T. Leber, Jr. to do the job. The Ironbound District, as its name suggests, is completely surrounded by giant factories and railroads. Fifty thousand people from almost every nation of Europe

## PRINCETON THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY IN ITS 140TH YEAR

*The oldest and largest Presbyterian Seminary in America has this year enrolled 426 students. Of these, 16 are Teaching Fellows, or Tutors. The Faculty numbers 37. Never in its long history has the enrollment at Princeton Seminary been so large or so varied. The students have come from nearly two hundred colleges and twenty-one nations. While the overwhelming majority of the students belong, as is natural, to the Presbyterian Church, U.S.A., many students, especially in the Graduate Department, belong to other denominations.*



(left) Bible story hour behind the brewery. (center) Walter comes from nearby Roseland to study metal craft hour inside the church.





hundreds of children and their parents congregated in one of seven vacant lots for an evening of free movies. Before the show this notice appeared on the screen:

THESE FREE MOVIES ARE SPONSORED BY  
THE IRONBOUND PROTESTANT CHURCHES.  
EVERYBODY WELCOME

As the crowds grew, the problem of keeping order also grew. Frequently, for instance, some mischievous youngster would throw dirt or stones at the screen.

"Why not ask the police for help?" someone suggested.

But they found the police captain a busy and very worried man. The worst explosion in the history of Newark had just occurred only a few hundred feet from the Ironbound District.

"I have assigned every available man to the scene of the explosion," said the captain, "but I'm glad to know that somebody is doing something to keep the kids of the 'Ironbound' from running wild, I'll do the impossible, and send some men to help you."

#### THE BEGINNINGS OF EVANGELISM

After the movie, "Chuck" or one of the other ministers would make an announcement:

"Boys and girls, tomorrow morning at nine o'clock, right here on this vacant lot there will be a Vacation Bible School with games, stories, and plenty of things to do.



Walter Coats, Princeton Seminary '49, and  
methods in the "Ironbound." (Right) Handi-

Hundreds of new churches in America's young communities.

Better equipped Seminaries to train young ministers to  
man their pulpits.

This is what the great Building Funds Campaign of the  
Presbyterian Church will provide.

Princeton Seminary cooperates enthusiastically.

Of course, your congregation will do its share.

Ask your parents if you may come down and join the gang."

That was the second step in Leber's plan for evangelizing the Ironbound District. The Protestant Churches set up six Bible school centers in various neighborhoods. Every weekday morning for four weeks, hundreds of delighted children went home from Bible school to show their families what they had made. From their children parents also heard about the friendly young preacher named "Chuck." Now when he calls at the homes of industrial workers, even for the first time, he often finds himself an old friend of the family.

Evangelism never ends until it ends in commitment to Jesus Christ. "Chuck" Leber is under no illusions about the long task ahead of him. The seeds of Christian witness have just been sown, but already they are beginning to bear fruit.

"The Ironbound District has a sinister reputation which it does not deserve," says "Chuck." "Some of the most wonderful people in the world live right here. They are real folks, just like the rest of us. And friendship is the bridge across which Christ will travel into their lives. In God's

good grace the ties of Christian brotherhood and understanding will bind the 'Ironbound' more firmly together than walls of brick and roads of steel."

If you are interested in Youth's  
Adventure for Christ, you will  
want to read - -



It tells how one woman found joy in  
"adopting" a "son" in Princeton Seminary. For as little as two dollars you  
too may share in "Youth's Adventure."

James K. Quay, Vice President  
Princeton Theological Seminary  
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WINTER 1951-52

# The SPIRE

Youth Adventuring for Christ

PUBLISHED BY PRINCETON THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY

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## The Sentry's Vision

The night is dark; and yet my eyes  
Have seen a Vision in the skies —  
A Mother lifts her Babe to show  
A friend of His on sentry-go.  
I bowed my head ashamed; but knew  
That God Himself had made it true,  
And all the years have not undone  
The work at Bethlehem begun.  
What of the night? Like burnished brass  
The Message shines — The Night will pass.



# "Los Cristofilos" [THE FRIENDS OF CHRIST]

"The Protestant Church is the only creative force in Colombia today. We want to have a part in your work." A group of Bogota's most distinguished citizens, all nominally Catholic, looked straight at Dick Shaull as their leader spoke. Those men knew that in Colombia the jobs, the families, even the lives of Protestant sympathizers are often in danger. But they spoke boldly, for they had seen Protestant Christianity at work.

The Reverend Richard Shaull began his missionary service in Colombia, South America just after graduation from Princeton Seminary in 1941. Shortly after his arrival, several prominent business and professional men asked him to lead them once a week in an hour of Bible Study. Within a few months the group had grown to twenty-five or thirty, including insurance men, doctors, industrialists, musicians, government employees, and others. "The best way to understand the teachings of the Bible," they said, "is to put them into practice." They decided to call themselves "Los Cristofilos" ("The Friends of Christ"), and looked around for a job to do.

In the outskirts of Bogota the Presbyterian Church owned some property. It lay in a slum neighborhood where electric lights, running water, and sewage disposal were unknown. Six people commonly lived in one room; often four slept in one bed. Under Dick Shaull's guidance, "Los Cristofilos" went out to the slum twice a week to teach the people to read and write. Somehow it did not seem strange at all to have a group of ragged folks gathered around a prosperous dentist, everyone squinting through the candlelight at the pages of a book.

"The Friends of Christ" learned much more than they taught. They learned to love the outcasts of their city, and the people in turn looked upon them as true friends. "We know you are from the Protestant Church," they said, "but that doesn't matter, you are the first men who ever cared for us in an unselfish way. You have been good enough to teach us; will you now help us to educate our children?"

A professional teacher was secured by "The Friends of Christ" and the parents agreed to pay her salary—a dollar a month for each child. With all working together they managed to erect a sturdy brick building. But on the first day of school, only three pupils showed up. The local priest vowed never to say Mass again in that section of the city until the Protestants were driven out. Gradually parents began to take courage

in spite of tremendous social and religious pressure. Enrollment rose to thirty within a month. When "Los Cristofilos" opened a Sunday School in the new building, opposition became belligerent. But crowds of adults and children kept coming in spite of the danger.

One Sunday in December, 1950, sixty persons were assembled in the new Sunday School. A troop of policemen quietly drove up to the building and surrounded it. Two men, looking out of their windows from across the street, saw the policemen arrive. Immediately they dropped what they were doing, walked defiantly through the cordon of police, and took seats in the Sunday School to show their solidarity with the Protestant community. At a signal from their captain, the policemen closed in. They loaded the worshipers into a bus and hauled them off to jail. After hours of wrangling with high officials, Dick Shaull finally secured their release. Since then "The Friends of Christ" have carried on their work unhindered except for bitter threats and broken windows. In addition to the day school and the Sunday School there is now a complete program of Church activities in this slum area of Bogota.

All of "Los Cristofilos" are now Protestants, or are preparing to become Protestants. They know that however they may be persecuted, they cannot possibly lose as much as they have gained—a new life in Christ.

"Protestantism is growing very rapidly in South America," Dick says. "It is being persecuted, not by the people, but by a clerical-fascist group. So long as the Catholic hierarchy has political power, the persecutions will continue. They persecute because they know that they have lost the people, while Protestant Christianity stands able and ready to minister to the deepest needs of men."



*Dick Shaull's message reaches many hearers who still have not the courage to come to Church.*



*In spite of bombings such as this, the Presbyterian Church carries on in Colombia.*



*This picture tells its own story of opposition to the open Bible.*



*A young member of the new Church with her Sunday School class.*



*Dick Shaull with four members of "The Friends of Christ".*





A buzzer sounded in the office of the warden of Rockview State Penitentiary.

Dr. J. William Claudy flipped the switch, and a voice said: "Got your inmate, warden. Number 78772."

"O. K., bring him in," Claudy replied. He pulled a sheet of paper from the file on his desk and hurriedly read it over:

Number: 78772. Name: John D. . . . .  
Home: Pennsylvania (no permanent address).

Occupation of father: None.

Education: Practically none, entirely unable to read or write.

Offense: Accomplice to an act of first degree murder.

SENTENCE: Life in prison.

A moment later the door opened, and an orderly led in the prisoner — a tall, dark, sixteen-year-old youngster, whose boyish face had scarcely been touched by a razor.

Dr. Claudy left his chair behind the prison desk and sat down beside the lad.

"Do you realize why you have been transferred to Rockview, Johnny?"

"I'm not quite sure," the boy stam-

mered, bewilderment written all over his face.

"You were sent here to give you a chance to improve yourself. You have a whole life ahead of you. It can be a good life, a useful life, if you really want it to be."

Then, with the frankness of a father who is truly interested in his son, Dr. Claudy added, "Just remember, Johnny, while you're here at Rockview I'm your warden, but I'm also your friend."

#### The Miracle Begins

With the encouragement and sympathetic counsel of the "warden who was also his friend," Johnny seized every opportunity that came his way in the years that followed. In three years he went from a second grade education through high school. He worked on the prison farm, and learned a trade in the prison workshop. He took every worth-while extension course offered by the Pennsylvania State College. He took up painting as a hobby and proved to be a gifted artist. He entered enthusiastically into chapel work. He even became Dr. Claudy's private secretary.

After seven years at Rockview, the Governor of Pennsylvania commuted Johnny's life sentence to ten to twenty years. And some time after, he was released on parole. He married a devoutly Christian girl who believed in him and wanted to help him make the difficult adjustment to the world outside.

More and more Johnny began to sense a great debt he owed to society for the many opportunities he had been given to make good. One day during the early years of World War II he called Dr. Claudy on the phone:

"Warden, there's a war on and I want to get into it. I have a debt to my country, and this is the way I want to pay it. But they won't take a parolee. What should I do?"

"Come up to see me here," Dr. Claudy replied. Before making any decision, together the next day they attended the local Presbyterian Church.

Two years later Johnny was discharged from the combat engineers with whom he had served heroically on the front lines in France.

Today the bewildered boy who sat in Dr. Claudy's office under the heavy sentence of life in prison has two children and a flourishing poultry business in the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania. Society has a valuable citizen. And Jesus Christ has a faithful disciple.

#### From Pulpit to Prison

John William Claudy was graduated from Princeton Seminary in 1912. While serving a church in Pittsburgh, he was greatly distressed by what he saw in the juvenile court of that city. Every day in front of the judge's bench stood teenagers in trouble. But the Church was not there. Soon the young minister was a familiar figure in the courtroom. Most young offenders welcomed the chance to talk over their problems with an under-

*Dr. Claudy gets to know by name every one of his nearly two thousand men. Fifty per cent of them are 28 years of age and under.*

*Athletics do much more than provide entertainment to break the monotony of prison life. They foster wholesome fellowship, and are a link with the normal life of the outside world.*





standing friend and receive Christian guidance and hope.

Gradually Bill Claudy became convinced that God was preparing him for a ministry to those behind bars. Twenty-one years have passed since he made the rare jump from pulpit to prison. Since then he has been busy trying to reclaim the lives of men who stepped off on the wrong foot. Today, he is Warden of Pennsylvania's two great prisons, Rockview and Western. His formula includes practical education, honest work, and the Gospel of Jesus Christ.

### From Prison to Pulpit

Steve N. . . . . had killed a woman in a hold-up. The jury found him guilty of murder in the first degree and sentenced him to die in the electric chair. Claudy, as spiritual advisor, sat down in the condemned man's cell and prepared him for death. At the last minute the governor gave Steve a reprieve and changed his sentence to life in prison.

While a prisoner, Steve took such an interest in books that he was made chief librarian of the institution. He read much, especially the Bible and books on religion. Frequently he and the warden would have long talks together about the Christian faith. When Steve was finally paroled, he had not only been baptized into the Church but had practically memorized the New Testament. He is an evangelist now in one of the mid-western states, bringing to great congregations the message of the forgiveness of sin which Christ brought to him in the death-house.

Not all of Dr. Claudy's men turn out to be "Johnnys" and "Steves" by any means. The difficulties involved are too great for that.

"By far the most serious of all difficulties," Dr. Claudy says, "are those which the men inherit from a bad home. There is too often a lack of proper ex-

*To the men behind prison walls, the Chapel is the one symbol of hope for a better life.*



*Hundreds of new Churches in America's new communities.*

*Better equipped Seminaries to train young ministers to man their pulpits.*

This is what the great Building Funds Campaign of the Presbyterian Church will provide.

Princeton Seminary cooperates enthusiastically.

Of course, your congregation will do its share.

ample in nominally Christian families. A crime is already committed when parents ignore their responsibility to bring up their children in the way of good citizenship and Godly living, or leave it all up to the school and the Church."

When the home has failed, the penitentiary may sometimes succeed in the task of rebuilding ruined lives. Dr. Claudy, pastor and prison warden, has made this job his ministry; for he profoundly believes that these outcasts of society especially deserve that which God offers to all men — the second chance.

### THE GREAT ALTERNATIVE

If the representatives of evangelical Christianity refuse to stand on the frontier of this void of spiritual emptiness and a disintegrating secular order, its rivals, who are already there and eagerly at work, will bring their own new order out of the chaos of our time. The strains of the Communist "International," vibrant with passion, give new hope to millions who acclaim the red banner. Listen:

*Arise, ye prisoners of starvation!  
Arise, ye wretched of the earth!  
For justice thunders condemnation,  
A better world's in birth.  
No more tradition's chain shall bind you.  
Arise, ye slaves! No more in thrall.  
The world shall rise on new foundations.  
You have been naught: you shall be all.*

With hearts compassionate as well as passionate, and a purer sense of justice, Christians must outclass Communists in the relevancy of their approach to the total human situation. When Communism, proclaiming, "You have been naught: you shall be all," sets a man-God, an oligarchically controlled proletariat in the place of God, as the supreme object of devotion, Christians must proclaim the glory of the God-man, the Man of Sorrows, who is the true Saviour and Lord of life.

JOHN A. MACKAY,  
*Christianity on the Frontier.*

If the foundations be destroyed,  
What have the righteous been doing?

PSALM 11:3.

*Translation suggested by the REV.  
ARTHUR M. HUGHES, D.D., Ridge-  
wood, N. J.*

### DOING THE IMPOSSIBLE

During the last world war Commander W. A. Sullivan was given the task of raising the capsized "Lafayette," formerly the French liner "Normandie," from the mud of the New York harbor. He went to work with this motto on the wall near his desk: "Difficult things we do at once; the impossible takes a little longer." Inspired by that motto, he and his men salvaged the great ship and set her afloat. It was with something of the same spirit that Paul went about salvaging human wrecks and this wreck of a world. His motto — "I can do all things through Christ who strengtheneth me."

From the REV. EDWARD H. ROBERTS,  
D.D., Dean of Princeton Theological  
Seminary.

Perfect freedom is perfect obedience to perfect love.



*Your  
Son?*

Not actually, of course, but he may become what Paul calls your "son in the faith."

He is investing his life in the Christian ministry. Why not match his investment of life with your investment of money? The coupon will bring you information about two extremely interesting plans for sharing in Youth's Adventure for Christ.

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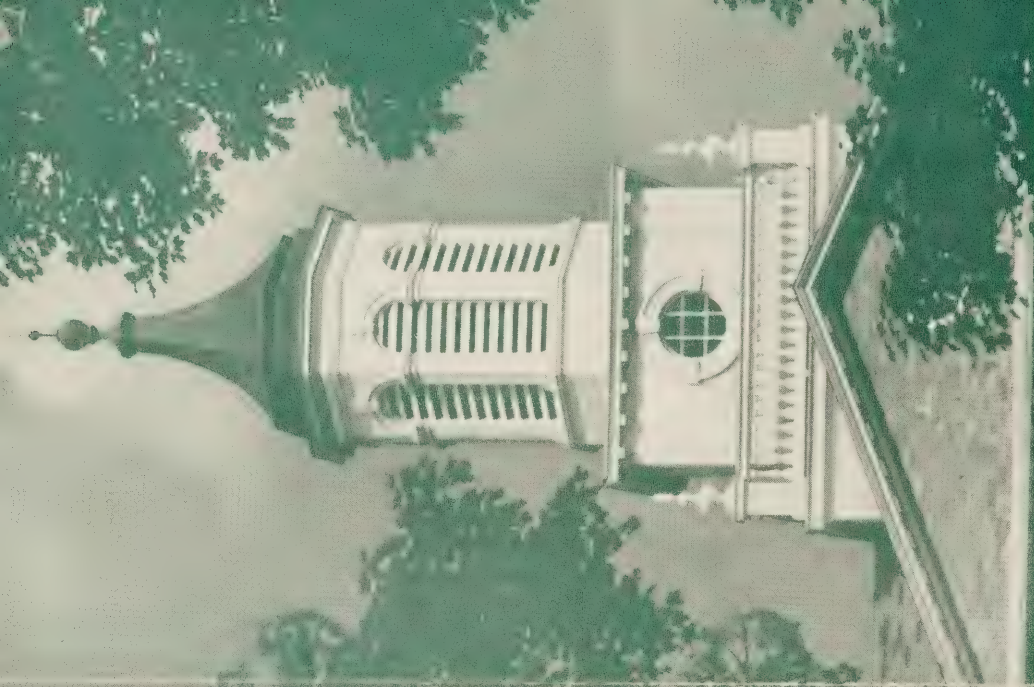
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- ☐ The Princeton Seminary Annuity Plan to help train youth, and at the same time, receive a generous income as long as I live.

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## The SPIRE

ARLAN P. DOHRENBURG '52, STUDENT EDITOR

The picture on the cover of "THE SPIRE" shows the spire of Alexander Hall, first occupied by the students of Princeton Theological Seminary in 1817.

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SPRING 1952

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Youth Adventuring for Christ

PUBLISHED BY PRINCETON THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY  
PRINCETON, NEW JERSEY

SEC. 34.66 P. L. & R.

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I have a wonderful father. In my youth he taught me two things: Christianity, for he is a devoted Christian; and athletics, for he was a great athlete. But early in life, I am ashamed to say, I found that my athletics and my Christianity did not mix. On the playing field I mingled with a crowd to whom I was afraid to own up to my faith. Six days of the week I was one of the crowd. On the seventh I was a Christian.

One day in my junior year in college I was traveling with the football team. We were on our way to the big game of the season, and all of us were pretty jittery, including me. Trying to get my mind off the game, I began to read the advertisements in the bus. One in particular caught my attention: "Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." I chuckled to think that my eye should fall on these familiar words of Jesus at a time like that. I sat pondering that verse all the way to the game.

On the way home, while everyone else talked excitedly about our victory, my mind was occupied with other thoughts. I realized that God deserved not only one day of the week, but the other six as well. I knew, too, that He had a particular job for me, — His ministry.

Now I am through with college athletics. Nothing remains of those days but a sweater with a varsity emblem on it and a few trophies. I am playing on a new team now, — a team where everybody plays first string, and whose Captain is Christ Himself. It is His emblem I wear, not sewn on my sweater, but engraved on my heart.

"HAP" BRAHMS, Princeton Seminary '53.



# Candles in the Dark

By

Julius Eugene  
Scheidel, Jr.

Princeton Seminary, '44



As I stepped from the misty "bush" trail where the early morning sunlight filtered obliquely through the trees, I saw him sitting astride an overturned dance drum. He was smiling triumphantly as he held a steady beat and initiated each new cadence with his "one, two, three, four." Squatting around him were his playmates who followed the rhythm on smaller drums, pieces of split bamboo, or a tree limb which had been dragged from the fire in a nearby palaver house. Then another drum, deep-throated and commanding, spoke from the far end of the village,—the first call to school!

"Are you going to stay and show us pictures?" asked the boy.

"We shall sleep two nights, and there will be children's meetings and pictures," I assured him.

"Good morning! We have been expecting you," cried the faithful African evangelist. "This is where you will stay," he said, pointing to a small mud-walled house. "Will you teach the Bible lesson today in the school?"

"My wife will teach about the lost sheep and the seeking Shepherd."

The large Sunday School pictures captivated the children. The missionary's wife closed with these words, "As the shepherd went into the wilderness to seek the lost sheep, so Jesus, our Shepherd, wants us to seek the wandering sheep and bring them back to him."

The two days passed quickly, and "beautiful pictures" were gone to another village.

In such a background as this, Makon grew up. At the close of his primary education he said to the missionary, "Monsieur, I don't know what to do. Shall I go to work or continue with school?"

"Makon," said the missionary, "you can go the way many other young men have gone, seeking riches, or you can make your life count for Christ. Look at those youngsters out there on the playing field, and think of the children back in your village. What's going to happen to them?"

Makon did not hesitate. After Normal School, his first assignment took him to the interior many miles from his own people.

One evening, as he prepared the lesson of the lost sheep and the seeking Shepherd, his thoughts went back to a time when he too had heard that lesson as a boy in his own village. "How much I have learned since then," he thought, "and how needy these people are. The Church is so weak because the workers in this vast area are few. I can go on as a teacher, but I feel I can be of greater service as a pastor shepherding the lost sheep of the jungles."

The next year Makon enrolled in the Dager Biblical Seminary. On Sundays he went out preaching with me in the villages. During his last year in Seminary a Missionary Movement was born. Joseph Tjega returned to the Camerouns with a vision, after two years at Princeton Seminary. "The Cameroun Church," he explained to me, "has been receiving missionaries for many years. Now it is time for us to send missionaries to others."

The response of the Africans was immediate and overwhelming. Soon enough money was in hand to support a missionary for one full year. The Society planned to send a man among the Bwanya people, a wild tribe of the interior.

But who would go? Then Makon volunteered. "Monsieur, I want to be a missionary. I see that we have many pastors and churches, but as I hear of the great need of the Bwanya tribe, I believe God would have me take the Gospel to them."

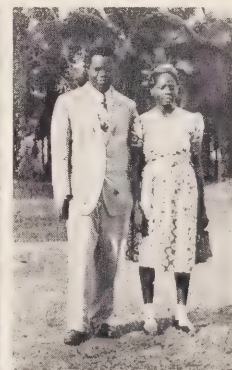
Among the three million Africans in the "bush" country of the French Camerouns, the work of the American missionary is fast becoming that of leadership training. The missionaries of the future will be men like Makon.

The author, Julius Scheidel, Princeton Seminary '44, translating the Bible.

The next generation of laymen and pastors in the Camerouns as they watch their first movie.

1950 graduates from Dager Biblical Seminary. Makon is in the center of the front row.

Founder of the Cameroun Missionary Society, Joseph Tjega, Princeton Seminary '47, with his wife.





# OPERATION SOMERVILLE

"My husband is so good he doesn't need the Church!"

"No, I haven't been in ten years. The last time I went, the pews were rented, and I didn't know where to sit."

"Well, it's like this. It's just too far to walk to church and just too close for the bus."

"God forgive me! I didn't realize what I was doing to Him."

These are the things people say about Christ's Body. Some show antagonism, some ignorance or humor, and some, how God never ceases to reach into the hearts of men.

This story has no end, for it tells only of a beginning, the genesis of a plan that made seventy-eight seminary students sometimes "fools for Christ" and sometimes "more than conquerors." The plan was daring—to send teams of Somerville laymen and Princeton Seminary students into the homes and hearts of the unchurched of the little New Jersey town. The campaign itself was back-breaking and at times heart-breaking. The results, both to Somerville and to the students, are a tremendous proof of the relevance of God for today's pained world.

Let's join a pair of callers.

Two men sit in an automobile, heads bowed in invitation to the "Third Member" of every team. Then, by the dim glow of the street light, middle-aged, serious Everett Davidson, a Somerville storekeeper, and his younger seminary companion, make a "pre-flight" check of a card.

"Nobles, Mr. and Mrs. George R., High Street, members of a Lutheran church in Pennsylvania, showing a preference for the Baptist church in the religious census."

"That's all we have; let's go."

*78 Princeton Seminary students co-operated in Operation Somerville.*



Their footsteps sound hollow and lonely as they climb to the door of the yellow frame house. The sound of the doorbell pursues the inhabitants into back rooms, as two minds try to recall instructions received in the "briefing" a few minutes before. The door opens a crack, and a cautious voice ends their frantic thoughts.

"Yes?"

"We're calling for the Somerville Council of Churches, and—"

"What's that?"

It's an organization of all the Protestant churches in Somerville. We'd like to talk with you for a few minutes."

"Well, I don't know what for," the woman replies, "but come on in." She

shouted ahead, "It's just some men from the church, honey," as they follow into the living room.

The two callers hear a familiar story: a couple who have been in town six years, but who "just haven't gotten around to joining the church." "No," Mr. Nobles continues, "no one's mentioned it, except a lady down the street, who said something about her Bible class. We're pretty old; I don't think there's much we can do. We listen to sermons sometimes on the radio."

Instructions and techniques are forgotten, as the callers realize that the Nobles are not *cases*, but *people*, not statistics to be studied, but members of the large Fellowship of the Disinterested. That makes the visit more painfully

*The mayor of Somerville thanks Charles Templeton.*



*A brief pause with the Bible before the calling begins.*





frustrating, as they are ushered from the house with, "No, I don't think so. We did say something about the Baptist church, but that doesn't mean anything. Perhaps we'll go soon. If we like it, we'll see later about joining."

Mr. Davidson's old sedan grumbles down the street, with no vocal competition from the silent callers. They wonder how God can reap when they are such poor sowers.

Later, at the meeting of all the callers, no one could have recognized the once dour faces of the storekeeper and the student. Glowingly, Mr. Davidson reported the team's visits. "Our first was discouraging; maybe some of you can suggest what we should have said." He sketched the call on the Nobles, and listened as more successful callers told how they had tackled similar situations. Then Mr. Davidson went on, "But on the next call, the Lord really used us! We stopped apologizing for Christ. After an hour of talking with the couple, they asked us to pray with them, and both signed cards signifying decisions to enter the church on reaffirmation of faith. But," Davidson added, "the card itself isn't so important; it's the impact on their lives and ours that counts. We have seen God conquer even with second-rate soldiers."

Other stories came out of the Somerville "Crusade for Christ"—some of failures, as far as mortal eyes can see. More end on a note of triumph. "What a difference there is," said one seminary student, "between studying Christianity in books, and seeing it at work in the lives of people!" Another joyfully exclaimed, "For the first time, I really understand what is meant by the *whole* Church — Christ's Church, not His churches."

The active part of the campaign really began during the week of spring vacation. The students threw themselves into the work, which ranged from scattering handbills to discussing translations of the

*A year of planning and prayer preceded the campaign.*



## YOU CAN'T HOARD LIFE

Four thousand years ago, on a windy day, an Egyptian farmer was threshing his grain. He was interrupted in his work by the arrival of a messenger from the King.

"The Pharaoh has sent me to ask you for some of your finest wheat."

Eagerly the farmer gave him the golden grain, which was placed by the priests in a lovely vase, and buried in the royal tomb.

You may see this wheat today in the great Museum in Cairo,—a handful of tiny black grains of death, as dead as the mummy beside which they have slept these four thousand years.

The farmer took another handful of the same wheat and broadcast it on the rich, black soil from which it had grown. Today, as far as the eye can reach, in the green valley of the Nile, you may see the evidence of its on-going life.

"Verily, verily, I say unto you, except a grain of wheat fall into the earth and die, it abideth by itself alone: but if it die it beareth much fruit."

Bible with an atheist. They learned to use observation—a red firetruck in the corner meant a boy of Sunday school age, a fielder's glove in a chair signified a future star on the Young People's team. They learned to use understanding in talking with couples in which one partner was Protestant, the other Roman Catholic. They persevered in spite of rain and unanswered doorbells, and of housewives "too busy" to talk about the most important thing in the world. They learned to use prayer, in preparation for their visits, and in thanksgiving with the people whom Christ found. "Thank you, God, for these men who brought Christ back into our home," was their highest reward.

Said one student, "Operation Somerville was an attempt to present Jesus Christ to people with different needs and different attitudes. It was humiliating to be so tongue-tied when met by coldness or hostility. We realized increasingly the futility of self-trust and our absolute dependence on the 'Third Caller.' Above all, we were amazed at the hunger for Christ in the hearts of people."

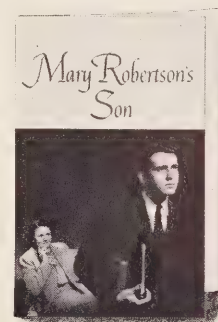
Man after man from the laymen of Somerville told of similar experiences. At first they were, as Paul says, "ashamed of the Gospel," but they found a simple and effective remedy: the fuller the surrender, the greater the victory. From the enthusiastic mayor, who promoted the campaign, to the last grocer and school teacher who helped push the doorbells, the laymen of Somerville learned to become "doers of the Word."

The young evangelist, Charles Templeton, only last year a student in Princeton Seminary, followed the visits to homes with a week of meetings in the new High School gymnasium. "Christ is the Answer," was his theme. Scores of people found that it was the truest theme in the world.

Students and laymen watched hopefully at the meetings for the Campbells, the Smiths, the Reids, and others whom they had visited. And, when they came, they reached for Templeton's challenging

words, "---- The trouble with the world is people—not somebody else, but you and I. For your sin and mine, Jesus Christ went to the cross. Only when we see that cross, can our lives be fundamentally changed."

Even the powerful young speaker did not complete the crusade. Some are still far from God and His Church, and an invaluable part of the work is still to be done. Follow-up calls and new visits are being made and, most important, church people are awaking to their responsibilities. The newcomer to Somerville today should not be surprised when his neighbor says, "Why don't you come to church with me on Sunday?"



Mary Robertson had always hoped that she might have a son who would preach the unsearchable

riches of Christ. This leaflet tells how her hope was realized.

Friends of Princeton, through gifts large and small are finding something of her joy in sharing Youth's Adventure for Christ.

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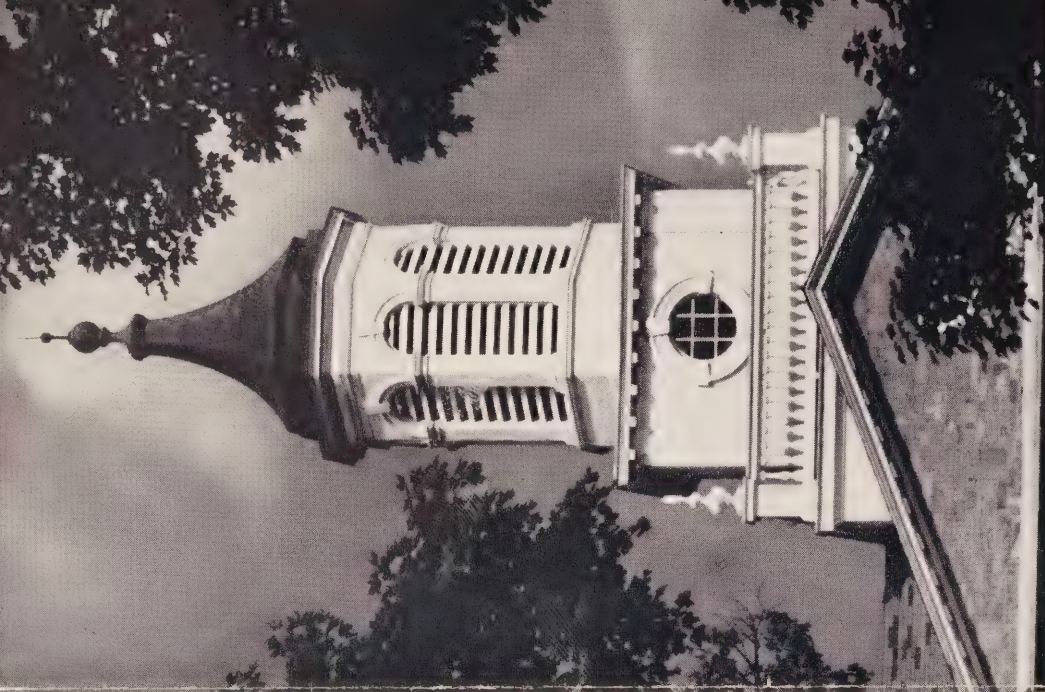
James K. Quay, Vice-Pres.

Without obligation, please send me the leaflet MARY ROBERTSON'S SON.

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SUMMER 1952

# The SPIRE

Youth Adventuring for Christ

PUBLISHED BY PRINCETON THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY  
PRINCETON, NEW JERSEY

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ARLAN P. DOHRENBURG '52, STUDENT EDITOR

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I decided to enter the ministry two years before God was ready to have me. When in high school, I attended a church camp. On the last night, inspired perhaps by the speaker, or the campfire, or the beauty of our surroundings, I told God I would be a minister. "But," I said, "if you really want me, show me a sign. Let me see something above the rim of that canyon." If a jackrabbit had leaped before he looked, or a tumbleweed had blown over the rim, the Kingdom of God would have been enriched by the addition of a small, misguided Texan to the staff. Of course, nothing happened. So, I heaved a sigh of relief and concluded I was my own boss.

Later—and I thought it was pretty big of me—I gave God another chance. I told him, "I'll be a minister, if You'll let me have a large church, with a nice congregation, and let me write a couple of best-selling religious books." Still God said nothing.

I tried once more, and said, "I'll even take a small church, Lord, if you won't make me a missionary." But God remained silent.

Three years ago I went to another conference and lost my wrestling match with the Lord. On the last night I said, "Here, Lord, no strings attached, take me and use me as You will."

Then something happened. The closest thing I've felt since, was when I got off the train at Christmas and saw mother and dad. I had come home to God.

Where will God send me? I don't know. What will happen to me? I can't say. Why has He called me? I can't answer that question either. I only know that God has called me. I am His!

HOUSTON HODGES  
*Princeton Seminary '54*



# Satyapur



*The Indian pastor of Satyapur, "The Village of Truth," calls on his parishioners.*

In a smothering cloud of dust and heat, a group of barefoot peasants made their way along a road in southern India. The men, clad only in white *dhotis* or loin-cloths, carried on their heads all the family treasures: pots, pans, and a few bedmats. Next came the boys, driving a herd of scrawny cattle with udders as dry as the dust of the road. Far in the rear trudged the women, the infants in their arms and the children by their side.

"Mother, why are we leaving home? Where are we going?" The little brown-faced girl clung to her mother's trailing skirts and repeated her questions.

"We are going to live in a new village where no one will stone us or rob us because we are Christians," said her mother. There was weariness, but also a certain eagerness in the woman's voice. Through long nights she had watched the men of their little Christian community as they sat about the fire and discussed their future in the face of growing persecution. Now it was the Hindu landlord who turned them back from the fields with the bitter words, "No more work for Chris-

tians!" On another day their huts had been plundered and their children abused.

At last the momentous decision had been reached. "We must move, all of us, to a new district where we can build a Christian village and live and worship as we please." There were tears in the eyes of many, but there were songs of hope and of faith on their lips as they set forth on the great adventure.

Now the company halted at the ford of a shallow stream. Eagerly the beasts plunged forward to quench their thirst. Soon men, women, and children had all waded in to cool their tired feet and bathe their dusty faces. In the shade of the trees on the opposite bank they paused to rest.

"What is the name of this brook?" asked someone. No one seemed to know.

Then with a sudden inspiration, someone shouted, "Let's call it The Red Sea!"

"Yes, The Red Sea! The Red Sea!" they all cried, remembering the Children of Israel.

As the day wore on they reached the spot which they had chosen for the new village. In true Oriental fashion they gave it a name with meaning, "Satyapur"—"The Village of Truth"—for it was to be a perpetual memorial to them and to their children that they had founded it as a witness to the Truth of Christ.

John Muyskins watched the dusty band with deep emotion. They were his people. Thirty long years had passed since he had come fresh from Princeton Seminary to serve India's masses as a missionary of Christ. The migration of these people was tangible evidence that his struggle against poverty, ignorance, disease, and sin had not been in vain. He knew intimately the life of every family that passed before his eyes.

There was the old man whom he had found lying before the door of a wretched little hut. He remembered the words of greeting: "Welcome, mas-



*John Muyskins performs the first baptism in a new village church.*

ter, welcome! I am sick, master, I am sick." John Muyskins was not a doctor, but he had recognized the dread chills and fever of malaria. Taking a handful of quinine pills from his pocket, he had said, "Now when the sun is up there, take two of these pills; when it is over there, take two more." Then with a prayer and a word of cheer, he had continued on his way.

There too was the family which he and his wife had rescued from starvation. They had found the mother and children huddled on the ground in the dark room of their fireless shelter, and had been able to save them from the famine.

John Muyskins and his wife had long since learned how very much the missionary must pack into Jesus' wonderful words, "that they might have life abundantly." They had, of course, preached the gospel of deliverance from sin, but in their simple school they had taught health and agriculture and animal husbandry without which the community could not survive.

And, now they look forward to another, and perhaps their greatest gift to the missionary cause. Soon David, their son, will be graduated from Princeton Seminary to take his place with the great company of Princeton men on the missionary frontier. And he too, like his parents, will know the wonder of the promise, "Go, and lo, I am with you."

*The village mission school.*



*The self-respect that comes with useful labor is a part of the "abundant life."*





Crash! The wire-reinforced glass in the door of the church shattered to pieces.

"Send those dirty Puerto Ricans out here and we'll bash their faces in!"

"Yeah, we'll clean 'em up good!"

A small band of Italian boys, none of them over thirteen, stood out in the street shouting and beating on the door. Another crash, and the rest of the glass clattered to the floor.

Pat Douglass, student pastor of the church and a senior at Princeton Seminary, herded three frightened Puerto Rican boys out of the besieged vestibule, through a big empty sanctuary, and into his office. Herberto was crying.

A few minutes earlier the Italian gang had forced a locked door to get into the part of the building where the Puerto Ricans were helping to varnish some furniture. Italian and Puerto Rican boys together usually mean trouble; this time there had been fists

and a knife. Hardly had Douglass driven the intruders outside and locked the door behind them when they began to break through in the front of the church.

"Hello, Fifth Precinct? This is the Broome Street Tabernacle. The kids

*A Friday night social where Christian fellowship draws together Puerto Ricans, Italians and negroes.*



are at it again. Can you send some cops around right away? Thank you."

As the young minister put down the phone, the custodian stamped in and began to set a new pane of "shatter-proof" glass into the heavy door. "We treat them kids too good, that's what's the matter," he muttered to himself. "They don't appreciate nothing. All they're good for is trouble, and that's all we're going to get from them too."

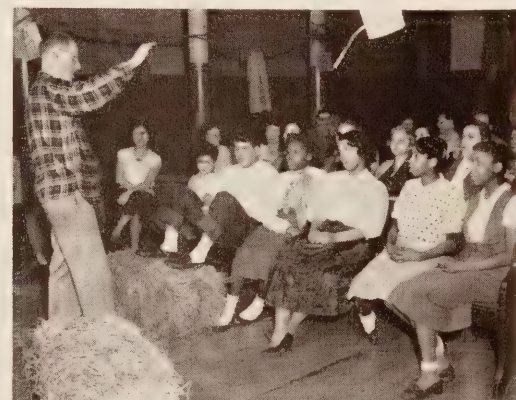
Five minutes later when the police arrived there wasn't a boy to be seen on the block. The Puerto Rican youngsters climbed over a back wall and ran for home. Back in his office Pat Douglass sat down at the desk, clasped his hands behind his head, and wondered what would happen next. Through the door he could see that someone had lighted the Christmas star hanging over the chancel. It was Christmas Eve.

Pat had been doing his seminary field work in this vast, old, New York City church for three months, and no one could say they hadn't been exciting. Just how was one to handle a gang like this? Many of these boys already had police records. Every store in the neighborhood had recently been robbed. One street gang had even entered a Roman Catholic church nearby and carried off a statue of the Virgin Mary!

From his chair in the office Pat could see Mr. Maniscalco, his lay-preacher assistant, and Miss Ciavarella, the "missionary" on the staff, preparing the elements for a Christmas Eve communion service. Very soon there were people in the pews, and the organ was playing softly. Passing through the sanctuary, he noticed several Italian ladies sitting toward the front of the church. Behind them, younger heads were bowed in prayer, while late-comers slipped noiselessly into their seats.

As the communion silver gleamed in the candlelight, Italians, Puerto

*Pat Douglas leads a hymn sing.*





Ricans, and some of other racial backgrounds, joined in Christian fellowship, taking the sacrament from the hands of a visiting Korean minister whose parish lay halfway around the world. Here personalities, races, languages, didn't seem to matter, for everyone ate of the same bread and drank from the same cup. Douglass contrasted this peaceful fellowship with the turmoil of the city outside. Was it not the task of the Church—and his task—to extend the Lord's Table from one end of Broome Street to the other, he thought to himself.

After the service the congregation gathered in a room downstairs to sing carols before an open fire. Into the room, as though they owned the place, marched the same boys who had broken the window. They took in the situation at a glance, then disappeared.

A short while later they returned, their hair combed and shining, their dirty clothes changed to "Sunday best." Miss Ciavarella, the missionary, escorted them to seats up front, and two women moved in like mother hens to help them follow the singing in the hymn books.

"Now, Angelo, where was Jesus born?" the young preacher asked.

"Bett-la-hem," someone volunteered.

"Good! And was it in a hospital, Mario?"

The boy thought hard. "I think it was in a cave."

"I know," said another, "It was in a stable, 'cause there was cows an' sheep an' things like that around."

So Douglass helped the boys to tell the whole Christmas story themselves, with occasional prompting from the older folk. It was probably the first Protestant service which any of these youngsters had ever attended.

Finally the last carol was sung, the last prayer said, and the last cookies stuffed into mouths and pockets. The gang vanished into the darkness of the

cold city streets. Almost everyone was gone; only a few young people remained in the kitchen washing dishes and chatting quietly.

Suddenly there were quick footsteps on the stairway. Two policemen burst in followed by a man with dark, Italian features, whom everyone recognized at once. His sixteen-year-old daughter stood frozen with fear, a dishtowel in her hand.

"Which one is it?" snapped one of the officers. The man pointed to his daughter. Her mother had been dead almost three months now. A few days before Christmas she had left home to live with relatives.

"What's the matter with you anyway? Why won't you go home to your own father? Come on, let's get out of here." The officer motioned toward the door as he spoke.

"Yeah, I'll teach you to run away," said the father with a drunken snarl. In an instant he was across the room and had the girl by the arm. Drawing back his hand, he struck her across the face once, and again, and again. The policemen grabbed him by the shoulders and jerked him out of the door. There were sounds of struggle on the stairs. Then silence.

"Barring a miracle, that drunken derelict is the picture of what these neighborhood kids will be like in a few years." The thought kept pounding in the young minister's brain. "Surely there is a place for them too at the Lord's Table, and a way to help them find it."

When her sobbing had subsided, the girl was taken safely to her relatives, and the others left quietly. At last the church was dark and still.

It was Christmas morning. In his room upstairs, Pat Douglass sat down wearily on the bed. He turned out the light and, in the dim glow of the street lamp outside, sank to his knees.

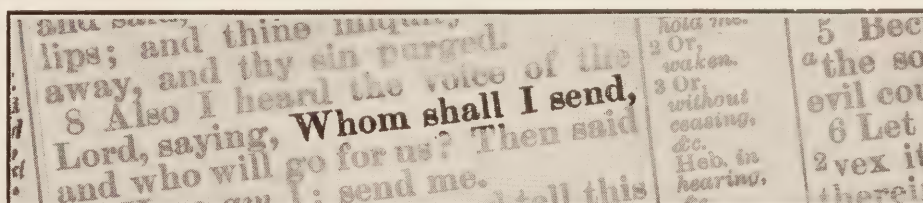


More "jails" like this mean fewer patrons for the real thing.

Once a church which possessed no paid ministry, no priesthood, no cathedrals or church buildings, no endowments, no salaried bishops or secretaries, and no publicity except the lies told by its enemies, held a disintegrating world together and laid the basis of a new civilization. Its power was not its own. What it had was a gift. The gift was given it in meetings of little groups who assembled before dawn in houses on back streets and in caves under Rome. Those who gathered heard sermons only infrequently, when men like Paul, the sailmaker, came their way. But whenever they met they broke bread with gladness and singleness of heart and shared the cup of their covenant with Christ. What did that church have that we do not have today?

THE LORD'S SUPPER:  
SEVEN MEANINGS  
by HAROLD E. FEY  
Printed by courtesy of  
Harper and Brothers

In Sunday School these boys learn the meaning of words they may never have used except in profanity.



and young Isaiah answered, "Here am I send me."

Ten thousand young men have answered the same call and have been trained in Princeton Seminary. Over 400 are in training in Princeton today.

You may share with one of them his adventure for Christ.

James K. Quay, Vice President  
PRINCETON SEMINARY, PRINCETON, N. J.

Without obligation on my part, please tell me about:

- ☐ The Story of Mary Robertson's "son" in Princeton Seminary.
- ☐ Princeton Seminary gift annuities.

Name .....  
Address .....





Why am I entering the ministry? Perhaps my strongest motive has been service,—service to God and to my fellow man. But there is also a third important area of service,—to the Church. I had often heard the Church spoken of as “the earthly Fellowship of Christian believers,” but it was not until shortly after World War II that I fully realized the significance of this familiar phrase. I was stationed in Japan with the Army of Occupation. Being able to speak a bit of the language, I came to know an old Japanese Christian minister.

One warm summer evening my friend invited me to attend a prayer service in his church. In many ways it was much like the Wednesday evening prayer meetings which I had attended as a boy. There was a scripture lesson. There were the same familiar hymns, the tunes of which I could only hum. But there were also many differences between this prayer service and the ones at home. For here I was, sitting with men and women of an entirely different race and language, men and women in torn and ragged clothes, men and women who had only a few months before been spoken of as our “mortal enemies.” But as we sat together in that little church and said together those words, *Tenni mashimasu warerano chichiyo*, (“Our Father, Who art in heaven . . .”), all these differences seemed quite unimportant. It was at this moment that I realized that in the sight of God we all were one.

It is to this Fellowship under God that I dedicate myself, and go forth to serve.

DONALD KOCHER  
Princeton Seminary '52

## The SPIRE

THOMAS A. EWING '53, STUDENT EDITOR

The picture on the cover of “THE SPIRE” shows the spire of Alexander Hall, first occupied by the students of Princeton Theological Seminary in 1817.

“THE SPIRE” will be issued without charge four times a year. Your criticisms and suggestions are invited. We shall be glad to send it to your friends upon receipt of their request.

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TRENTON, N. J.

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AUTUMN 1952

# The SPIRE

Youth Adventuring for Christ

PUBLISHED BY PRINCETON THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY  
PRINCETON, NEW JERSEY



# Kentucky Parson



The dull boom of a dynamite blast echoed between the mountains sloping down to the Middle Fork of the Kentucky River. "There she goes," cried a voice, as the long steel bridge spanning the river swayed. The tall supporting pillars toppled slowly, and the bridge plunged with a great splash and came to rest in the river bed.

"Well, preacher, there's your bridge, and in good shape, too." Looking down, Bob McClure could see the huge steel structure half-submerged in the muddy water of the river. The ripples had rolled away, and the river flowed calmly between the girders. The young preacher grinned. It had been hard, dangerous work preparing to fall the abandoned bridge.

"Boys, we've done well so far, but I'll feel a lot better when we get it out of the river. We'd be in trouble if a flood came now." He knew he would need every piece of that steel if the new church of his dreams was to become a reality at Booneville.

Time after time during the next week, the minister dived into the

murky water and grappled with the submerged steel. Chains and hoists were fixed to the girders, and they were laboriously pulled from the river bottom. Finally, the preacher swam to the bank and climbed out for the last time. The salvaged steel lay safely along the river bank. Trucks carried the steel girders to the site of the new church. Already several men were at work digging for the foundations, hauling gravel and stone from stream beds dried up in the summer, building a small hill so the church would not be endangered by spring floods. "We all work together during our

spare time," one of the men drawled, "from the preacher to that tobacco farmer and even those young fellas on vacation from school."

It was long, slow work because of the lack of skilled labor and proper materials. But with a vision coupled with ingenuity, preacher and laymen worked side by side to build a "church house." Here, children, parents, and grandparents will be able to worship God with their hearts and voices as in these recent weeks they have been worshipping Him with their hands.

The Kentucky mountains had laid a claim upon the life of Bob McClure even before he finished Princeton Seminary. While still a student, he had spent his summers among the people of these hills. On graduation twelve years ago, he returned for full-time service. This past summer, "Mac," as he is known to his co-workers and church members, was elected moderator of the Kentucky Synod. Learning of this honor conferred upon their pastor, members of a mid-week Bible class asked, "Mr. McClure, what is it that keeps you

here?" His answer was "I'm here because I can see plenty of things that need doing, and I think that I can help to get them done."

"Mac" has really organized our parish. We now have fourteen small churches, thirteen white, and one Negro. Each church has a weekly service and Sunday school." This remark came from an elder of one of the churches, an old man who walks several miles to church each Sunday through winding valleys from his hillside tobacco farm.

A member of the Booneville church added, "What's more, our church received sixty-three members last year—best record in the Synod."

"Yes, our preacher's always doing something," another chimed in. "Why, winter before last 'Mac' even used to drive the ninety miles to Lexington to take some courses in rural sociology."

With a grin, the young pastor shakes off such praise. "We used to work just to build a church-centered program," he says. "Now I'm convinced that what we need is not only a community which is conscious of the church, but also a church which is conscious of the community. Most of the people here have a 'hard row to hoe.' The tired land is too poor to support everybody. So, as well as encouraging farmers to raise better stock and grow new crops, we try to help some set up small businesses and other useful occupations so that they can earn a decent living."

One Sunday afternoon, "Mac" was driving a load of men, women, and children to church at Sugar Camp in his four-wheel-drive station wagon. Off the highway, on a narrow, rutted mountain road, the jeep got stuck in the mud. Passengers piled out, while the pastor raced the engine and tried to rock the jeep loose. Watching him, one of the men drawled, "Do you reckon he'll make it?"

"I dunno," his neighbor replied, "but that preacher's shore hard to stick for long."

*Three old buses travel 250 miles each Sunday to bring over two hundred people from their farms to church.*

*"Mac" and his jeep carry the Gospel where roads are rough and bridges few.*

*"Look, John, here comes our preacher with some new winter clothes."*





# I Traded Buildings For Lives



My name is Armando Divas. I go to Princeton Seminary. I come from Guatemala, but I have been in

your wonderful country for the past four years.

If someone had said to me seven or eight years ago, "Armando, you are going to be led by an amazing chain of circumstances to enter the ministry," I would have laughed at him. I might even have suggested that he see a psychiatrist, because the ministry was not for me. It was the last vocation I would enter.

Oh, it is true that I am the son of Christian parents. I was educated in a mission grammar school in my little country, and at the age of fourteen I

was baptized as a Presbyterian. Even through my adolescent years, I was active in the church, yet in high school I woke up to find myself in the middle of a secular world. Christianity became secondary to me. To become a civil engineer was my greatest hope.

Guatemala City suddenly became too small for me. I avidly read everything I could about the outside world. I went to all the movies. I talked with my friends who had been outside, and I could hardly bear to stay there. The things I read and heard about, I could barely imagine; but they only strengthened my desire to see them. New York with its skyscrapers, industrial Chicago, London, Paris—all the rest—this was life! It was only in this outside world that I could find real living.

Then, because of finances, I could not leave my country. I entered the

Universidad de San Carlos de Guatemala, but I kept the hopes alive in my heart as I studied.

After two years at San Carlos, through the help of the Rev. Paul Winn, missionary to Guatemala, I received a scholarship to study cartography in Washington, D.C., United States of America. "United States of America!" You who live here cannot imagine the thrill with which I read those words.

On August 9, 1948, I first set foot in your country. I went to Washington and started to work. Later I was introduced to a family there, through a letter from friends in Guatemala.

These new friends invited me to the Brookland Baptist Church in Washington. I later decided to make Brookland my permanent church home in this country, since I found there an unusually friendly congregation. Soon I was singing in the choir and taking part in young people's activities.

In November of that same year my beloved missionary friends, the Winns, were in New York City on their furlough. They invited me to visit them and to sight-see in this, the city of my dreams.

I remember to this very moment how I lost my sense of balance while I was trying to take a picture of the tiny slice of sky that was left by the towering skyscrapers. On top of the Empire State Building I used about six rolls of film. I marveled at the engineering work of that mighty city, and then I thought, "Is it possible that I might do something like this for my own country?"

I saw the Statue of Liberty, the Museum of Natural History, the Planetarium, the Cathedral of St. John the Divine, and the Icecapades. How I enjoyed seeing television at the RCA studios.

But when I sat down in Carnegie Hall to hear a symphony, I felt the greatest thrill of all. I had seen this place in the movies many times and now I was there in person.

*Fifty-eight professors, visiting lecturers and teaching fellows comprise the faculty of the University of the South. While the vast majority of these are from the Presbyterian Church, many others are from other denominations. Graduates from two hundred and twenty-nine colleges*





After our last stop we were walking home along Third Avenue. Then I had the most vivid and shocking experience of my life. I saw a picture that even in my own country I had never seen. Sprawled in the gutter or against the side of a tenement, there were at least twenty drunken men in each block. Some were lying beside broken bottles. Some were spotted with blood. My dream of the fabulous, magic city crashed to bits like one of the shattered bottles.

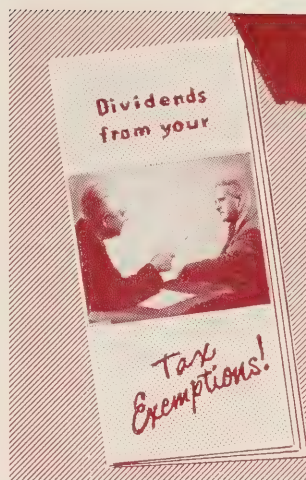
Later I thought, "Well, this is just one of those things that bother you for a while, but I'll get over it." But this one didn't leave my mind. Instead of beautiful buildings in my dreams, I saw human wrecks. Those men were within three blocks of tremendous wealth and all that science could offer. They were surrounded by everything that I wanted, yet there they lay in the gutter.

I asked myself, "Why are they like that? They live close to those who own these mines of gold. They are right across the street from men who buy industrial empires the way I buy a newspaper. Why doesn't someone do something for these creatures? Couldn't modern science help them?"

Here was my problem, all set out neatly before me. To me, science had been the essence of life. Yet I could not dodge the picture of beautiful little Guatemala City, fifty years from now, with my countrymen lying in the gutters which perhaps I had engineered. The Empire State Building somehow looked small compared to the man lying in its shadow.

I asked my friends about it. They explained that a Protestant mission was working with those people. They told me of some men who were transformed completely, while others went back to lie again in the street.

Here, I thought, is something important. The greatest need of man is not for new buildings, but for a new life. This is what science cannot give; this is what Christ is offering.



## Do You Pay Taxes?

You should "listen in" on this conversation. Make your Tax Exemptions earn up to 20% on the net cost of your gift to Princeton Seminary. We shall be glad to send the pamphlet without obligation.



James K. Quay, Vice President  
PRINCETON SEMINARY, PRINCETON, N. J.

Please send me the pamphlet "Dividends from Your Tax Exemptions."

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On my way back to Washington I was wondering if God had a part in this experience of mine. At home I found a letter from the Rev. Robert Thorp, missionary to Guatemala. He said, "Do you want to go to Princeton Seminary after your studies in Washington? You might like to have some training there so that you can help in the church when you return home. I will do all I can to get you a scholarship if you are interested." Here was another strange coincidence. How did he know that I was interested in the ministry? I know I had never told him. How then could he write such words? How, just as I came back from New York? I fell to my knees. More sincerely than I had ever prayed before, I asked God's help.

Just then a friend came in and asked me to preview a movie that was going to be shown in Sunday School. I was the only one in the audience; the message could not have been more exclusive. For me alone, Jesus was walking along the Sea of Galilee. He saw some fishermen. He stopped before them, and they stopped work. Then he said, "Follow me and I will make you fishers of men." Jesus turned and continued on his way. Not another word was spoken. The men looked at their nets, at the boat, at the sea, at their old father. They looked at

each other and began to walk after Jesus.

I had heard the words, "Follow me," all my life. This time they were as fresh and commanding as if they had been spoken for me alone. I even seemed to hear my own name. "Armando, follow me." With tears in my eyes, I prayed in that darkened room, "If this is thy will, O Lord, I will."

The next Sunday my pastor told in his sermon the story of Dr. Frank Laubach, missionary to the illiterate. He told of his call and of his work. Again the message was just for me. After the service, in the pastor's study, I told him of my four shattering experiences. We prayed and I dedicated my life to the ministry.

After three more years in college, I'm finally here, at Princeton Seminary. I live in room Number 111 of Alexander Hall. If you're ever in Princeton, come by to see me. I'd like to meet you.

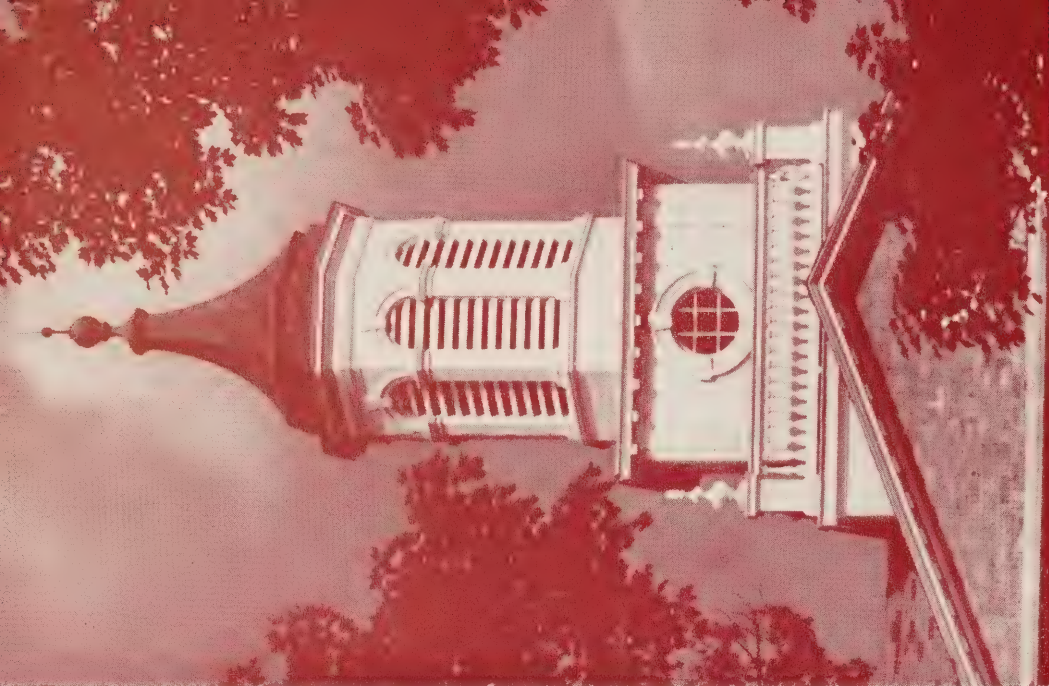
But don't wait too long. The time, filled with study, is passing rapidly. It won't be long until I can return to my beloved Guatemala.

What am I going to do there? I'm not going to build skyscrapers. With the help of God, I am going to build lives.

Princeton Theological Seminary. Thirty-one countries are represented in the student body. The Presbyterian Church, U.S.A., students from many other Protestant denominations are to be found here. Universities and theological seminaries are now studying at Princeton Seminary.







## The SPIRE

STUDENT EDITORS:

THOMAS A. EWING, '53  
HOUSTON HODGES, '54

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PRINCETON THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY  
Princeton, New Jersey

Form 3547 Requested

WINTER 1952-1953

# The SPIRE

Youth Adventuring for Christ

PUBLISHED BY PRINCETON THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY  
PRINCETON, NEW JERSEY

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## HERE IT IS!

The new Campus Center at Princeton Seminary was dedicated on October 14th. It offers dining accommodations for 450, plus a host of other facilities essential to the life of the great family of Faculty and Students at the Seminary.

Over seventeen hundred individuals have contributed toward its total cost of \$900,000. Only \$47,900 remains to be raised.

If you are interested in Youth's Great Adventure for Christ, will you not visit Princeton Seminary, lodge in one of its new guest rooms, join in the fellowship of chapel worship, and share the hospitality of its great dining room.

Write to JAMES K. QUAY, *Vice President*,  
PRINCETON THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY,  
Princeton, New Jersey.

Princeton Theological Seminary is one of the nine seminaries of the Presbyterian Church, U.S.A. It has no organic relationship with its friendly neighbor, Princeton University. Over 10,000 ministers and missionaries have been trained by Princeton Seminary since its founding in 1812. Its enrollment of 450 is largely Presbyterian, although from forty to fifty other Protestant denominations are usually represented in its student body.





*The untouched tower of Concordia Church overlooking the city of Mannheim.*

## "The Gates of Hell Shall Not Prevail.."

by Arlan Dohrenburg '52

It was a bleak night in late September, 1945. A United States Army truck rumbled through the desolate streets of Mannheim, Germany. With a screech, it came to a sudden halt.

"O.K., you guys," said the driver to a group of men huddled in back, "this here's the end of the line."

One by one, they stepped down into the street. Horst Weigt watched the red tail-light disappear into the darkness, and then slumped on a pile of rubble. After a year of study at Princeton Seminary in 1936, he had returned to his native Danzig as a minister of the Protestant Church. Then came the war. It destroyed the church and scattered his growing congregation. It forced his expectant wife and their small son to flee across the Baltic Sea as stowaways on a freighter. And it drove the young minister himself into the field of battle. Now, five years later, for him, as for thousands of other German youths, it was "the end of the line."

"What is left for beginning again?" he asked himself. Except for the faded drab-green uniform which he wore. Horst Weigt had nothing in all the world. Oh yes, there was one other

thing, the war-battered New Testament in his shirt pocket.

Months later Weigt was happily reunited with his family. Now there was the grim business of living in a land where death seemed to have the upper hand. One day, the bishop of Baden said to him, "We need a man like you at Concordia Church in Mannheim. But I warn you, the sanctuary is destroyed, the city is a shambles. You'll find no place to live and practically nothing to eat. Will you go?"

Weigt went.

The noble tower of Concordia Church looked down over a wilderness of brick and ashes. The few of its members who had not fled or perished, lived in cellars or between walls patched up and roofed over with cardboard. Of the church itself, little was left except the beautiful tower and two crumbling walls.

One tiny, smoke-blackened room, the sacristy, remained for the worship of God. Here the new pastor and his flock assembled for the first time in Advent, 1945. In borrowed robe, borrowed shoes, and borrowed trousers, Pfarrer (Pastor) Weigt rose to bring the Christmas message. He pulled out his battered New Testament from the pocket of his army shirt. And while he spoke, the congregation felt as never before a nearness to the Child for whom there had been no room in the inn.

For months the little sacristy was so crowded that the preacher himself could hardly find space on the floor for both feet. But then a great day came for the struggling church. The rubble was cleared away, the gaping craters left by the blasts were filled

in, and in the great empty space between the two bare walls, a new wooden church arose. The congregation which met to dedicate it at Pentecost in 1946, read these words on a plaque above the altar:

"Bear ye one another's burdens." In consideration of the needs of our war-ravaged town, this church was given to us by our Christian brethren abroad, through the channels of the World Council of Churches, Geneva, Switzerland.

One Sunday morning Pfarrer Weigt announced, "There is in our city a camp for interned Nazis and former SS leaders. Will you invite them to your church?"

Soon a strange procession wended through the streets. Under the watchful eyes of two armed guards, the prisoners took places in the congregation.

When poverty-stricken refugees began streaming into Mannheim from the East, the people of Concordia Church came to share what little they had. One of them explained to Pfarrer Weigt, "I have two sheets. I don't need more than one. Please give this to someone who hasn't any."

A man and his small son brought a few pine boards. "We were going to put a door on our house," the man said, "but cardboard will do for a few more months. Maybe someone will need this lumber to make a shelter." And so a great stack of pots, pans, fuel, food, and clothing poured out of the cellars and huts of Mannheim.

To these Christian refugees from the Eastern Zone, the people of Concordia Church have recently offered their most precious possession, the little wooden church. It no longer stands in the bombed-out nave, for the nave itself has been rebuilt. But in memory and in spirit it remains. At every service, Pfarrer Weigt, with these opening words, invites the congregation to join the Apostles' Creed:

"Now let us unite over all barriers and frontiers, oceans and mountains, with our Christian brethren the world over, in confession of our common faith. . . ."

*The little wooden church.*



*Jubilant crowds follow the bells to be replaced in the church tower.*



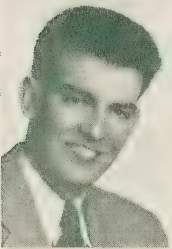


# "HOME ON THE RANGE"



by Bill Lytle\*

*Princeton Seminary '47*



"Come quick, Bill. Dick has blown off his hand with a dynamite cap!"

We had just sat down to a bowl of soup, when the school-teacher brought us the message. One look at the mangled hand was enough to tell me that Dick needed a doctor right away. "But this is the doctor's day in Silver City. He's a hundred and five miles away!" There was but one thing to do. We got our car ready and laid Dick on the back seat. While my wife, Faith, knelt beside him, talking to him, and loosening the tourniquet every fifteen minutes, I drove as fast as I could for Silver City and the doctor. Why did those curves have to be so sharp, why the corduroy road so bumpy? Two and a half hours later, we pulled up at the hospital, and the doctors went to work. The hand was

gone. But Dick was all right. We were thankful for that.

It seems impossible as I write this, to realize that five years have elapsed since that episode. But, last night at our young people's meeting, I played ping-pong with Dick. He has grown into a fine young man, and he's a "regular" at our church youth group.

Actually, our life here in the Southwest has been a round of new, primitive, and often exciting, experiences. You don't turn on the gas or electricity to cook breakfast. You take a cross-cut saw, an axe, and a sledge hammer and wedges, and go into the forest and bring in the fuel for the stove. I confess, it was a bit of a surprise when I opened the church one Sunday morning and discovered that two inebriated citizens had bunked there for the night, using our choir robes for a mattress! One night we stuck in a mud hole in the lonely wilderness country between Quemado and Fence Lake, and spent the hours till dawn listening to the roaring of the water in the arroyos.

Then, there was our first visit to

"The Blue." From the highway the turn-off looked like any other country road, with the signpost reading, "Blue P.O.—20 miles." At once, we began a winding, upward climb. On every side towered huge pine trees. Here and there, white-faced cattle grazed on the slopes. Then the road became steeper and steeper; and then it happened! The ground ahead was swallowed up, and we found ourselves looking out on a scene that is guaranteed to take your breath. They say you can see for over a hundred miles from Chimney Rock Vista Point. Far away, other mountain ranges are visible, and then, in the distant haze you can see the desertland to the south. Why is it called "Chimney Rock?" One look at the scene answers your question. There in the foreground, standing all by itself, is a tower of rock, nature's own piece of masonry. You can imagine that here a gigantic mansion once stood, that has long since crumbled to dust, and only the fireplace remains to tell of the splendor that once was there. Now, the road appears to be a thin ribbon, twisting along the side of the mountain. High above, on the face of the cliff, you can barely make out the cave where long ago a family of Indians lived.

We had no idea what to expect when we got to "The Blue." It's a good thing we didn't. There was *nothing* there; that is, no town at all—just a peaceful valley and a meandering river. We had come to hold a Bible School, for we had learned that there were thirteen boys and girls living there who had no chance of going to Sunday School. What we didn't know was that these thirteen youngsters were scattered up and down the river for twenty miles.

Having made our camp near the one building in sight, a one-room school house, we drove down the river to spread the news about the beginning of Bible School the next morning. A few miles down the way, we picked up a walker heading for the Post Office. I introduced myself and mentioned the Bible School.

"Yes," said Bob Barnes, "I have

*A Class at the Apache Creek Conference.*



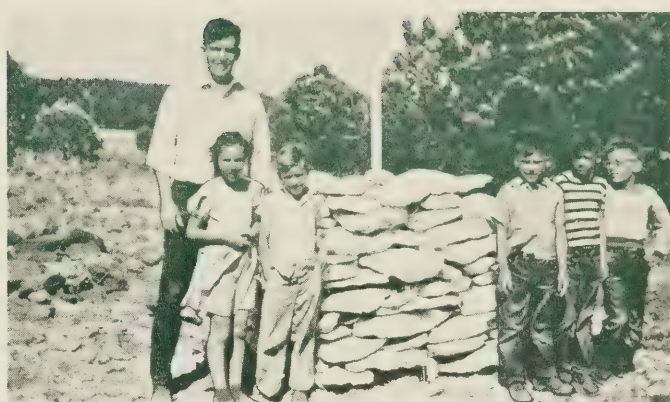
*The "big top" at a Cowboy Camp Meeting.*







*It's time to go home, boys.*



*I brought them something new.*

three kids that I'd like to send, but I don't guess I can. I'm in the midst of branding, and won't have a chance to bring them, since I'll have to ride every day this week."

"We wouldn't want your children to miss out on the school. I'll be glad to come down and pick them up."

"Oh you can't do that," Bob replied. "You see, I live fifteen miles down the river."

I laughed at that, and said, "What's fifteen miles! You have the children ready, and we'll get them tomorrow morning."

"All right, mister," he answered, "but you'd better allow yourself an extra hour. You don't know those fifteen miles!"

We crawled into our bed rolls that night, tired, but happy in the prospect of our first experience at a pioneer Bible School. From a distance, this camping-out business had seemed quite adventuresome.—cooking out of doors over the open fire, rolling out your bed under the stars, going to sleep with the rustling of the trees in your ears, and waking with the warm sunlight on your face. One thing, however, we had overlooked,—the mosquito! Halfway through the night, we were forced to take up our beds and walk, barefooted, into the school building.

But the next morning, all was forgotten and, while Faith got our supplies out and the room in shape, I started down the road to pick up Bob Barnes' three children and seven more along the way. I soon discovered what Bob had meant about those fifteen miles, for, from the Post Office to his ranch, the road goes through the river 36 times! Not over it on a bridge, mind you, *through* it! That meant that each day I crossed the river 144 times getting and returning our pupils.

It was our joy to tell them, some for the first time, the wonderful stories of Jesus and His love, to teach them John 3:16, and to hear them sing. "Jesus loves me, this I know, for the Bible tells me so."

On the closing night, the little school house was packed with children and parents. In the front row sat Bob Barnes. I imagine it was one of the first chances he had ever had to go to church. Bob had come into that country thirty years before as a cowboy out of Texas. He had homesteaded, and raised his family with no church closer than fifty miles. I wish you could have seen his happiness as he watched his children go through their parts that night. Then the program ended, and the children came running up. "Gee, I had fun at Bible School." "I wish it would go on all summer!" "Can we have another one some time real soon?" Yes, it had been worth while.

With a final farewell, you pull away from the school house. The last light has been extinguished, and all is dark save the twinkling stars overhead. Back across the winding trail you head home to a warm, comfortable bed. Into your daily report sheet goes the record: "June 5-9, Blue, Arizona—60 miles traveled each day, 9 homes visited, one Vacation Bible School completed."

You might get the idea that our richest experiences have come from our dealings with boys and girls, but that hasn't been entirely true. We have

often found ourselves on the "mountain-top" during one of the cowboy camp meetings. It is a great experience to join with a bunch of ranchers under the prayer tree, or, as they call it, the "hitchin' post," and listen to them speak their minds.

Who could ever forget "Tig" Hutchison saying, "These camp meetings are sort of like leading a herd of poor cattle into a new green pasture, and I sure appreciate it." There was an old cow-poke who was asked to lead one of the meetings. He began by saying, "If you don't mind, fellows, I'm going to kneel as I read my Scripture. I don't feel right readin' it while I'm standing up."

And then there was the time up in Wyoming at the first camp meeting in that country. At the close of the last service, the invitation was given, and a flock of people came forward to make their profession of faith: so many, in fact, that there were more in the front than remained in their seats. One of the cowboys was heard to say, "It's the first time in my life that I've seen a cut bigger than the herd."

\* The Reverend William P. Lytle, since his graduation from Princeton Seminary in 1947, has been a missionary of the Board of National Missions of the Presbyterian Church, U. S. A. He conducts regular services in eight centers scattered over an area of 7,000 square miles in New Mexico and Arizona.

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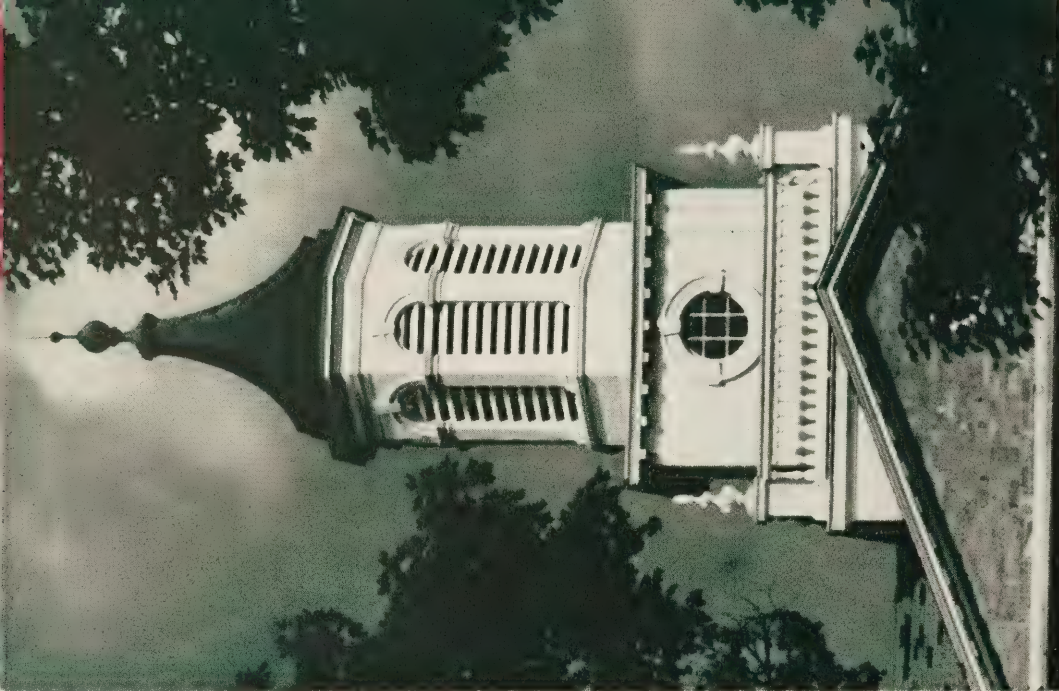
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## The SPIRE

### STUDENT EDITORS:

THOMAS A. EWING, '53  
HOUSTON HODGES, '54

The picture on the cover of "The SPIRE" shows the spire of Alexander Hall, first occupied by the students of Princeton Theological Seminary in 1817.

Princeton Theological Seminary is one of the nine Seminaries of the Presbyterian Church, U.S.A. It is not organically related to Princeton University, but is under the control of the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church.

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Address:

THE SPIRE  
PRINCETON THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY  
Princeton, New Jersey

Form 3547 Requested

SPRING 1953

# The SPIRE

Youth Adventuring for Christ

PUBLISHED BY PRINCETON THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY  
PRINCETON, NEW JERSEY

SEC. 34,651 E / P. L. & R.

U. S. POSTAGE

PAID

TRENTON, N. J.

PERMIT NO. 937



I've been a Christian only two years. I started out in Oklahoma as a lawyer, got mixed up in the oil business, and then in a big construction project, and I was making money.

One day when we were all set to pour concrete, a truck driver backed into the forms and smashed them. I sure was mad. I cussed him out with all the varied trimmings I knew. As he got out of the truck and came toward me, I saw he was one of the biggest men I'd ever run into. In spite of his smile, I expected a fight.

"I'm sorry I broke your forms," he said. "I'll come out and fix them on my own time. But, brother, you have just used in an unholy way the name of a Friend who is very dear to me. And I want to tell you you're missing a lot out of life." He turned and left.

I was relieved, I was sorry, I was, to say the least, confused. I was more than a bit resentful of this man, with his limited education, who had upset me with his calm reaction to my abuse. This man was bigger than I was, but not only by the width of his shoulders.

Shortly after that, a lot of things combined to get the best of me. Then I gave my life to God, for whatever use He wanted to make of it.

And now, here I am, converted by a truck driver. I'm starting out at Princeton Seminary to become a minister of Christ. I find I'm mighty short on some of the vocabulary of this place; but when Dr. Cailliet talks in class about "Our living Lord," I tell you, it thrills me to the bottom of my soul.

JOE DOLMAN '55



*Singing "The Old Rugged Cross" for the crew of the U. S. Cruiser, St. Paul. (Official photograph U. S. Navy.)*

## We Sang in Korea

by Don Pendell and Ed Stetson

With engines wide open, the huge "Globemaster" sped down the runway, and then slowly climbed into the blue. We were heading west across the Pacific for the Far East—twenty-three of us, members of the Princeton Theological Seminary Choir, with our director, Dr. David Hugh Jones, and his wife. We were the guests of the U. S. Department of Defense, the first religious group to serve the men in uniform in the Far East.

For fifty-three days in Japan and Korea we were to live in an utterly different world from the peaceful tree-shaded campus of Princeton Seminary. We were to sing 113 times to audiences such as we had never seen before. They were sick and wounded men in military hospitals, groups of soldiers seated on ammunition boxes near the front lines, sailors on the deck of a big navy cruiser, GI's in camp theaters, chapels and service clubs, radio audiences for the Far East Network, throngs of native people in mission hospitals, orphanages, schools and churches. The largest group were

2500 Japanese, addressed by Kagawa, and the smallest an audience of one, Larry Mansier from New Jersey, who was in an iron lung.

Our most terrific impression was that of the hunger and poverty in Korea, a land desperately poor to begin with, and now ravaged by years of war. We saw women washing clothes in sewer water, naked children who kept alive by begging and stealing, old men carrying huge burdens on wooden "A Frames" strapped to their backs. We shall never forget the Widows and Orphans Home in Pusan, where we presented \$2500, the gift of Princeton Seminary students, nor the American Mission to Lepers in Taegu where we sang to 350.

Against the background of poverty and suffering, the spiritual hunger of the non-Christians and the amazing faith of the Christians were utterly new to us who were accustomed to conventional and respectable "Christianity" at home. Everywhere, on buses, trains and in the streets, people would ask us, "Are you Christians?"

*Dave Warren, of the choir, and a chaplain, visit a wounded man—a scene that was repeated many times.*

"Sit down, please," said a Japanese university student, "I want so much to learn about your religion." In twenty meetings in Japan the audiences averaged over 1,000. There was the Korean seminary student who after great persecution, said, "Now, I realize that through God I can do everything." One choir member summed up our impressions this way: "Would I have the guts and the faith to survive and witness for Christ in Korea?"

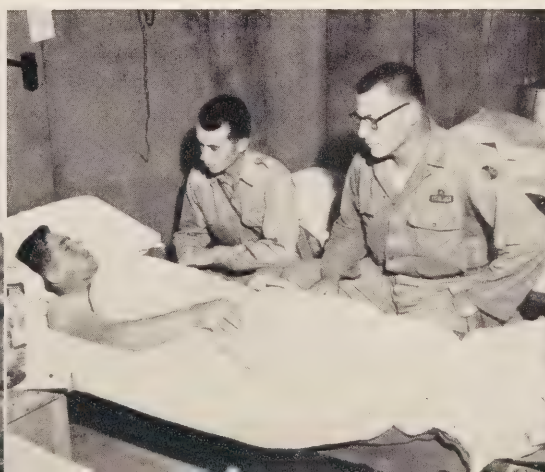
Our main mission, of course, was to the men in uniform. The one-third of our choir who had seen military service, already knew the language of the GI. The men particularly welcomed the old familiar hymns. "I used to sing in the church choir back home," said a wounded man, "I want you guys to know how grateful we are." "It's a long time since I heard that kind of music," said another. "It makes you feel like the good Lord is right here inside." It was in hundreds of conversations like these, beside hospital beds, and in little groups after the services that men revealed their hunger for a touch with home, and oftentimes for a simple word of testimony to Christ "Who makes the woeful heart to sing." From officers and men alike, the one word we were asked to take back was, "Tell the folks to write."

It was a serious and sober group that landed on the airfield at San Francisco. We had lived through experiences never to be encountered in the church in America or in a theological seminary. To many of us had come the call of God to the chaplaincy or the foreign mission field, and in the heart of every man there was a new awareness of what it means to be an ambassador for Christ.

*Since 1938 the choir has sung 1882 times. It has visited all states of the Union and Cuba, Mexico, Canada and Alaska. Bookings are already being made for 1954-55.*

*Korean refugee children with Young Coo Lee (see cover story), our choir member and interpreter in Korea.*

*Home" Young Coo Lee — (See cover story).*





# IT OPENED WITH A BANG!

Pak and Choi sat huddled among the great rocks on the mountain side. Behind them lay the country that had been home, now in the iron grip of the Communist government of North Korea. The students of the seminary they had attended had fled in all directions or been forced into the Communist army. The faculty, with the pastors in the city, had been hunted down and killed. Below them lay the great valley of the Tai Tong River that now glistened in the afternoon sunshine like a broad silver ribbon. Somewhere in the blue haze far to the south stretched the battle line that crossed the whole peninsula like a band of steel.

The only "home" they now had was a nearby cave, its entrance hidden by a clump of bushes. To this they could scurry at the sign of approaching danger. Each night in the inky blackness, with only the stars to guide them, they would creep cautiously down the hill to a friendly farm house for enough food to keep them alive.

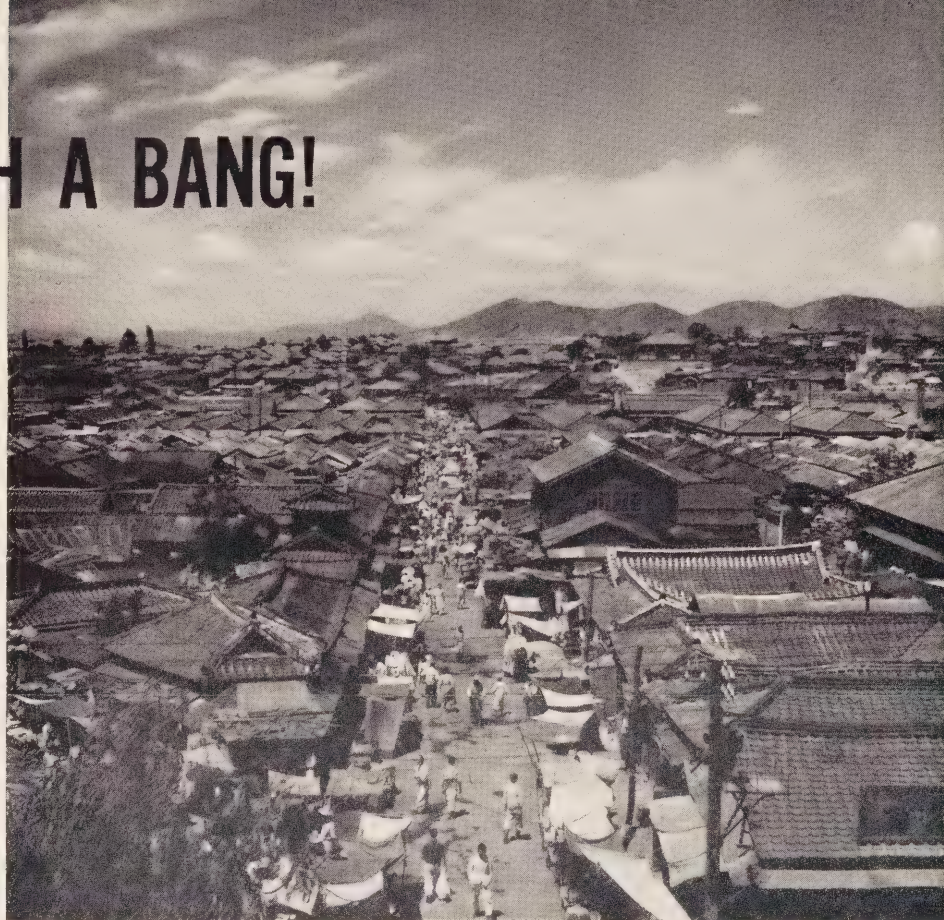
"We can't stay here," said Pak. "We simply have to get south."

"But, how?" said Choi. "It's certain death to try to cross the open country below, where the Reds are concentrated."

"What about the mountains?" said Pak. "I don't believe they are so heavily guarded."

"Agreed," Choi replied. "It's our only chance. We can travel by night and run the risk of finding friendly farmers who will hide us by day and give us something to eat. If we can only get to the sea, perhaps we can find a way to reach White Wings Island. From there, maybe we can get to friendly territory farther south."

Week after week they struggled in the blackness of the night and the bitter



*Taegu, the city of refugees, where the new seminary was opened.*

cold of the wild Korean mountains. Each day with beating hearts they sought the shelter of some farmer's hut, always hoping it would be friendly, always fearing they would fall into the hands of the Reds. At long last they looked down on the pounding surf of the Yellow Sea.

In time they found a fisherman who was willing to risk his life to help them. The night was black, and soon, in answer to their flashing light, a little boat emerged out of the darkness, picked them up at the lonely spot which was their rendezvous and took them out to a tiny island, far from shore and in comparative safety. But it was months before they could make their way to the great White Wings Island, just below the 38th parallel.

Here, whom should they meet but Song Chi-myung, a boyhood friend of long ago from their home village far to the north. Like Pak and Choi, he too had fled from the Communists. Now he proudly wore the uniform of an officer in the navy of the newly created Republic of Korea.

"What are you fellows doing here?" asked Song.

"We are trying to get to South Korea," they told him.

"I'm just your man," said Song. "We are about to sail for Chin Hae, on the south coast. Come aboard, and I'll give you a free ride."

What a thrill it was to travel on the trim naval vessel with the flag of Free Korea floating at the masthead!

Once ashore, they made their way to Pusan. Here they met many of their old seminary classmates who, like them, had braved the perils of crossing the Red line to freedom. Here too, they heard good news: a new theological seminary was soon to be opened in Taegu. It was to be a united seminary, sponsored by the General Assembly of the Korean Church, into which would be gathered refugee students from other seminaries like their own that had been put out of business by the Reds.

There was more good news. The president of the new seminary was to be none other than Kam Pu-yul\*, the beloved headmaster of the mission school they had attended as boys.

*Kam Pu-yul—President Arch Campbell conducts a class in the new seminary.*



*Temporary dormitory in the cold basement of Central Church.*





Eagerly they set forth for Taegu on the last lap of their long and perilous journey that had taken so many months. And what a town Taegu was! The Communist armies had been stopped just seven miles away, and the great city with its population of nearly half a million, its tiny homes and its busy streets carried their minds back to the long forgotten days of peace. Even here, however, things were different. The narrow streets thronged with South Korean soldiers, and pushing their way through the teeming crowds, were the jeeps of the American Eighth Army and the Fifth Air Force. And everywhere were refugees, refugees, refugees!

Hopefully, Pak and Choi set out to find the new seminary. And then came the great surprise. *There was no seminary!*

But Kam Pu-yul was there, and they believed that Kam Pu-yul could work miracles. And he did! Indeed, he already had a miracle on his hands—an enrollment of over five hundred students with one hundred ready to enter the senior class, and he had turned away more than a hundred others, for even the faith of Kam Pu-yul had its limits.

The first miracle was a building, an old missionary residence, which Kam Pu-yul requisitioned as an administration center. True, the basement was filled with refugee families, and the place literally swarmed with playing children, but the school was open for business.

Pak and Choi lined up for registration and entrance exams. Then they began to look for a place to live. Already over a hundred students were crowded into the few upper rooms of the old missionary residence.

"I hear there is room in the West Gate Church," said Choi. But to their dismay, they found every square inch of the floors already reserved as sleeping space by earlier arrivals.

Central Church was better. Here on the cold basement floor, they found enough room to stretch out side by side. They had no mattresses, but life in the mountains had long since accustomed them to sleep on the hard surface. They had no blankets, but they found old newspapers at least helped to keep out the cold.

Kam Pu-yul, the "miracle man," had not been idle. Until they could find something better, and while the good weather lasted, the student body were going to eat out-of-doors in the church yard. He enlisted the help of the Pastors' Association in the city to help him buy and borrow dishes and kitchen utensils and great iron kettles in which food could be cooked in large quantities. Everybody worked; some at building stone fireplaces to hold the great kettles,

others in erecting temporary shacks to protect the cooking from the wind.

Soon the air was filled with the aroma of good food, and the hungry students gathered around for their first evening meal. Then it happened. With a blinding flash and a terrific roar one of the cook shacks flew into a thousand pieces. Great chunks of the iron kettle sailed high into the air, some of them landing on top of the church bell tower. Where the fire had been there was a gaping hole in the earth, made by a shell that had lain buried and unexploded for more than a year.

Quickly the uninjured began their rescue work. Amazingly, no one had been killed. A few who had been close to the explosion had to be hospitalized, but even their wounds were not serious. The student tending the fire had just bowed his head in a prayer of thanks. So his eyes were saved!

And so began the first meal! No seminary in the world ever opened with such a bang. No seminary in the world was ever launched with all three classes crowded. No seminary in the world ever began with greater hope. Recitations and lectures began the next morning. There were no classrooms, no seats, no desks; but the weather stayed good, and for generations the Oriental has learned to sit cross-legged on the ground and like it. So classes were started in the church yard. Later, they moved indoors where several classes had to be held simultaneously in the corners of the sanctuary.

But Kam Pu-yul was still busy. With money which he managed to obtain from America, he bought the dormitories of a near-by Roman Catholic orphanage. The Catholics were moving out and the Protestants were digging in!

Finally, came the shipment of blankets, bedding and warm clothing from the



*A few of the new seminary's five hundred students at prayer.*

American churches overseas, and at long last Pak and Choi and five hundred other students were able to move out of cold basements into relatively comfortable quarters. \* \* \* \*

Lights were out, and everybody was supposed to be asleep. "Well, this is a long way from the mountains of North Korea, isn't it?" whispered Choi to Pak, whose bed was next to his.

"Yes," said Pak, "we have a lot to be thankful for, and a lot to answer for. I can't forget the words of President Kam Pu-yul in chapel this morning. He said that we hold the key to the future of our nation. He said it was the Word of God that has made England and America great, and that if we put Christ at the foundation of the new Korea, a great nation will rise out of the present ruin."

"I'm sure he's right," said Choi. "With God's help, we will. Good night."

"Good night," said Pak.

*\* Kam Pu-yul is the Korean way of pronouncing Campbell. Arch Campbell, now himself a "refugee" from North Korea, ever since his graduation from Princeton Seminary in 1916, has been a missionary in Korea. The new seminary he has founded in Taegu is larger than any Presbyterian seminary in America.*

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Determined, I squared my shoulders and approached the American soldier for the fifth time. I had a letter of introduction to his colonel, but each time I came near the man-mountain with the rifle, my feet carried me past and my mouth refused to open.

Finally he noticed me, and stopped me with a stare. "Hello, kid," he said.

This was how I, a seventeen-year-old Korean orphan, met the Americans who had occupied Seoul. Inside, the man with the eagles on his shoulders read the note my English teacher had written for me, and shook his head. "Sorry, son. I don't need any more servants, right now. Try again sometime."

I turned to leave. One of the other men said, "Hey kid. Come into the kitchen for a minute. Eat some of this grub, so's we won't have to toss it out."

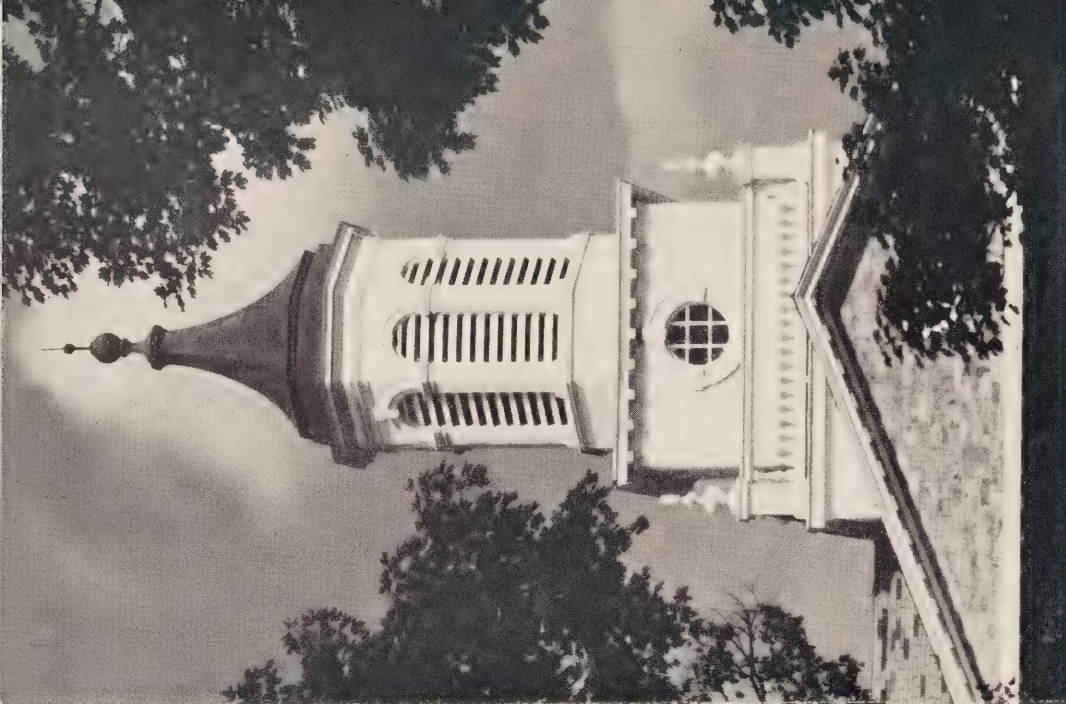
As I ate, the sergeant asked me questions, and I answered as best I could, hindered by a mouth full of G.I. cooking and a tongue unused to English.

The sergeant grinned at me when I finished, and then said gruffly, "Well, if you're going to stay here, you'll have to work, so get busy on those windows." Happy? I nearly rubbed those windows clear through.

This was the beginning of five happy months with the sergeant, the colonel's cook. It led to meeting Col. King, who soon became "Pop" to me. He sent me to America, and helped me get a college scholarship.

At long last, I am in Princeton Seminary. Soon I shall realize the dream I have had since I was a boy under the Japanese occupation—to tell a warring world the story of the peace of God.

YOUNG COO LEE '55



## The SPIRE

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Address:

THE SPIRE  
PRINCETON THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY  
Princeton, New Jersey

Form 3547 Requested

AUTUMN 1953

# The SPIRE

Youth Adventuring for Christ

PUBLISHED BY PRINCETON THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY  
PRINCETON, NEW JERSEY

SEC. 34.65 (E) P. L. & R.

U. S. POSTAGE

PAID

TRENTON, N. J.

PERMIT NO. 937





## Assignment - North

by Neil E. Munro '54



Cora Itchoah is leading in prayer. When Cora talks you fairly expect her to bite your head off. But when she prays, her deep booming voice becomes soft and sincere. The prayer

ends, and big Bill Siemens begins the Bible lesson. Beside him stands tiny Edith Tegoseak who picks up his English sentences, and with lightning speed turns them into Eskimo for the congregation. Eskimos love to sing, and when Bill's wife, Louise, plays the organ, they forget the mile long walk at forty below zero and joyfully raise their voices.

Bill and Louise Siemens and I are the "foreigners" in the group; all the rest have been born in the land of the Northern Lights. Bill is a mechanic by trade and a genuine missionary by nature. He and his wife even spent their tithe money to print the Eskimo hymnals. They constantly brave the squalid huts and risk T.B., from which many of the Eskimos suffer, to bring the Gospel to these remote people.

A little lady remained after the service. "Neil, you come with me and speak to white man. Say him stop making my little girl drunk. In Eskimo village when man do wrong, we go speak to him and tell him no do that."

"This white man is bad, Minnie, you stay away from him. He does not understand your "speak" like an Eskimo. If he comes again, you call me and the railroad policeman."

The policeman soon had the pervert in jail, but two days later another call came from Minnie. "That man pay bail. He no in jail any more. He come here."

"I'll be right over; you get the police." On the way to the Eskimo village I kept wondering how I would behave myself when I saw the fellow, for I was boiling mad. I was not put to this test, for when I arrived the railroad policeman was telling the rascal to get off government property in the kind of language he could understand and which at the time I hardly found shocking.

"We have really seen the last of him," I thought. My Eskimo friends were not so optimistic. "He no have trial. She bad girl. No jury here believe her."

It really hurt when I found they were right. But this situation is typical of what the Eskimo has to expect in a white man's "culture."

\* \* \* \* \*

One day there was a knock at my door. When I opened it I found a little round Eskimo man dressed in a blue parka. "I Chief Vincent Nageak," he said. "I elder church at Barter Island. You preacher, you help get back wolf hide. Why Commissioner need wolf hide for pay Vincent bounty? When Eskimo say him kill wolf, all men know it true."

Vincent was tangled in the red tape of the Fish and Wild Game Commission. In the fruitless quest for that wolf hide, we turned many official tables upside down. Hide and records were lost. But from all this activity sprang a wonderful friendship.

Here is the letter Chief Vincent, elder of the Presbyterian Church at Barter Island, wrote when he returned home:

"Dear Friend:—I was very glad when you help me at Fairbank. I will not forget that your helper to me. All of Fimaly happy and well. When I get here to Barter Iland oh my very cold and lot of snow to. Maybe I will hunt caribou this week. Because we out of caribou meat. I will go with my dog teams and sled. Oh my I will have good time hunting. When you come here at Barter Iland I take along with you hunting caribou. On 25th I went out hunting seal with my dog teams about a mile off. It was open ice but no seal. But I saw bear track it was been there in 24th when I go on that day 24th maybe I will see that bears. That all I have to say about hunting. Say halo to all men and women from Vincent Nageak. God bless you all good Friends. God help us all the time when we need help. Goodby Neil

From Chief Vincent Nageak"

\* \* \* \* \*

At Christmas time in this land of the Midnight Sun, ten year old Charlie was

my right-hand-man. How he loved helping with the long Eskimo names and distributing toys to the other children!

"Look what Santa gave me," he shouted, as he played with his ten cent windup car, and his enormous brown eyes shone a big "thank you."

Charlie and I often played ping pong together, and he was a frequent visitor in my office where he liked to pick out words on the typewriter. One day last spring, after a long silence, Charlie blurted out—"I love you Neil. I'm gonna be a preacher." I felt as happy as I have ever been in my life and very humble. Charlie is only a little boy, but so was Samuel when God called to him in the temple long ago. I believe today He can speak just as clearly in the heart of a little Eskimo when He calls him to Christ's service.

\* \* \* \* \*

And now I am back on the green campus of Princeton Seminary, far away from Alaska—and yet not so far. For Cora and Charlie and Vincent and Edith and the desperate needs of the people of the Great North still beckon.

*Between his second and third years at Princeton Seminary, Neil Munro served a year of internship in Alaska under the Board of National Missions. His assignment in the Fairbanks area involved pastoral ministry to G-I families, radio broadcasting, and work with the Eskimos.*



Chief  
Vincent Nageak

Two members of "The  
Ladies' Aid Society."

*Silas Nigovanna, a trustee of the Church.  
Neil says there are two reindeer here.*





# They Sing!



"Of course, you can avoid a lot of trouble by just stepping over to my left—any one of you, excepting Samuel Maa!"

Maa, the village chief, at the head of the line, looked down along the row of townsmen drawn up to the right of the armed guard. Not a soul moved. "Good!" said Maa to himself. The words they had just heard were grim. Now here was the government soldier offering an easy way out. But in Maa's company no one moved.

Some months before, Maa had been sitting with friends in his palaver house by the side of the road. A group of young people, tired, dust-covered, but obviously very happy, paused at the doorway and then, with a word of greeting, entered, for the village palaver house is open house for friends and strangers alike. Sugar cane was offered and accepted. Conversation was animated for a little while, then lapsed. One of the newcomers began to sing, softly, as to himself. Another picked up the song; presently the others joined in.

"Nice," Maa remarked when it was finished. There were other nice songs. Would Maa and his friends like to hear them? They would. Then the young men really sang. Villagers drifted in, and women and children came to line the walls in rapt attention. For these were songs of Jesus and his love and the singers were members of the African Youth for Christ, singing with abandon the catchy Christian songs of youth.

"We have some nice pictures, too." Who in Africa does not like to look at pictures? "And we have a little Book which tells all about the pictures!" Splendid! And so that afternoon in song, by picture, and the Living Word, the Gospel was set forth. Then several of the group spoke briefly of its power in their lives. Would there be some who would wish to accept this Christ of whom they sang and read and spoke? There were. And so a little Christian community remained when later the young men passed on their way. "Come back, come back to visit some day when you can," Maa urged; and they said they would.

Maa and his people started to build a simple little chapel. It was only half finished when they held their first meeting. A European priest passed by. Off he hurried to report to the District Officer. "Send a guard and bring Samuel Maa to me!" went out his command.

... Sunday noon. The guard arrived at Maa's town and ordered Maa to assemble all the townspeople and any visitors. Out in the sun-baked street he addressed them.

"Now listen to me," he barked. "The Captain knows what has been going on here—and you are in for it! Some of you, that is. So, all you who are pagan still, and all of the priest's persuasion, line up here on my left. You shall be left in peace! But you of this new faith, stand here on my right; and it's prison, beatings and trouble enough for every one of you. Fall in!"

More than a score took their stand with Maa and the members of the Youth for Christ at the right of the guard. Not for a moment did one of the new little evangelical community hesitate. Two rows of men and women and children—a sweating guard—silence over them all as they took their places that blistering hot tropical day.

"Have you properly understood me?" shouted the guard. "I repeat, peace for those on my left, floggings and jail for the rest of you!" He paused and looked intently down the line on his right. Presently the stern features relaxed somewhat, his voice lost some of its harshness as he continued, "Of course, you can avoid a lot of trouble by just stepping over to my left, any one of you, excepting Samuel Maa!"

Maa, the village chief, kept looking down along his line; no one moved, none made reply. But suddenly over in the other company there was movement, the moment of silent waiting was broken. A young man stepped out of line, looked toward the guard and said, "Soldier, I'm leaving this line; count me as one of

*Samuel Maa and friend.*



*Baby carriage.*



*A singing lesson.*







*The little thatched church in ruins.*

these on your right!" And with that he fell in beside Maa.

Every one waited for the guard's wrath to break. It would be awful. But suddenly, and to everyone's surprise, he laughed. "Good for you," he said. The angry gleam had left his eye entirely, the man stood transformed before them as their friend. "You see, I too am one of you. My father is an elder of the church in the country to the north, and I am a Christian. But I thought I'd see the stuff you Christians are made of in this Roman Catholic land. And so this little test. I'm proud of you. I really am. My orders, however, stand. I must take Samuel Maa to the Captain, but Maa only."

I was off up country when all this happened. A week later I was in the Captain's office. "Captain," I said, "you have here in your prison a friend of mine. He's old and he's not too well. I am just about to set out for home. My way leads through Samuel Maa's town, so if you'd just like to call him in and turn him over to me, I'll drop him off in his village. After all, it's surely no crime to worship God." But the Captain didn't fall for that one. "No, I think maybe you'll not," he replied. "But since you say he is a friend of yours, I shall call him in sometime and review the case."

But he never did. Maa spent his month in jail, breaking rock. Not only so, he paid his hosts twenty cents a day for the enforced hospitality. Twenty cents — a workingman's daily wage. "Well, Maa, how about it now? Looks as though your missionary wasn't able to get you out of jail," said one of his visitors. "No matter," replied Maa. "They don't know the Christian songs here and I do. That makes me somewhat of a celebrity. What's bad about that?"

After the month, Maa came home. He was no longer chief. The loss of his position bothered him not at all. He had a new position in Christ. His simple, happy home life, the quiet services for worship in the little palaver house sufficed. The chapel still stood where he had helped build it — unfinished and unused.

One day Maa looked up to see the priest standing in the doorway.

"Samuel Maa, why is this chapel still standing?"

"No one ever told me to tear it down, and so it stands."

"Well, I'm ordering you to tear it down — right away!"

But Maa explained that he had gone to prison for a month for having built what there was of it — crude native materials — and that the District Officer upon releasing him had said nothing about destroying it; therefore he was not going to lay a hand upon it either to build or to tear down. By this time there were others peering in over the priest's shoulders. Maa recognized the chief from up the road a mile or so where the priest had his chapel; he recognized too the evangelist of the Roman Catholic community.

The priest turned away in wrath, and Maa saw the axes the evangelist had brought. They crossed the road followed by the crowd that had gathered, and priest and evangelist started swinging. Presently, they stood back to survey the ruin they had made, apparently satisfied. With the townspeople looking on in silence, they marched off up the road and disappeared around the bend.

A few Sundays later, we were in Maa's village again for the worship service in the little palaver house. They have come to know that they need no chapel of poles from the forest and thatch from the bamboo swamps in which to worship; that more acceptable is the heart swept and made ready and filled with the spirit of praise.

The little community of Christ's followers in Samuel Maa's town has grown since these things happened. Man can reach out and lay waste what is made with hands, but he cannot reach in to take their Gospel songs treasured in the heart. Out in the African night, along the myriad trails, in innumerable villages under the Southern Cross, drums will throb in shameful dance and raucous voices be lifted up in heathen chant, but in Maa's village and in hundreds of others like it someone will lift the song, "Jesus loves me." And other voices will join in, voices of men and women and children who have come to know the love of God, and who, in spite of outward circumstance, possess their souls, and SING!

*The writer of "They Sing" is a graduate of Princeton Theological Seminary and a missionary "somewhere in Africa." For the protection of himself, his work and his African friends, his name and field of service are not disclosed. Samuel Maa is not the real name of the native Christian leader.*



## Mary Robertson's Son

Mary Robertson had always hoped she might have a son who would preach the unsearchable riches of Christ.

Today she has found a way. For the next three years, Jim Wilson will be her "son" in Princeton Seminary. Each year he will receive approximately \$100 in scholarship aid from the earnings of the \$2,000 that Mary Robertson has put in the Princeton Seminary Scholarship Fund.

Then Jim will go into the pastorate or the mission field, and Mary Robertson will adopt another "son" in Princeton. This will continue as long as she lives:—every three years a new "son" in Seminary, every three years a new "son" in service, for all of whom she will pray with special concern.

More than this, after she is gone, the \$2,000 will still keep on working and the steady procession of Mary Robertson's "sons" will go on as long as Princeton Seminary exists.

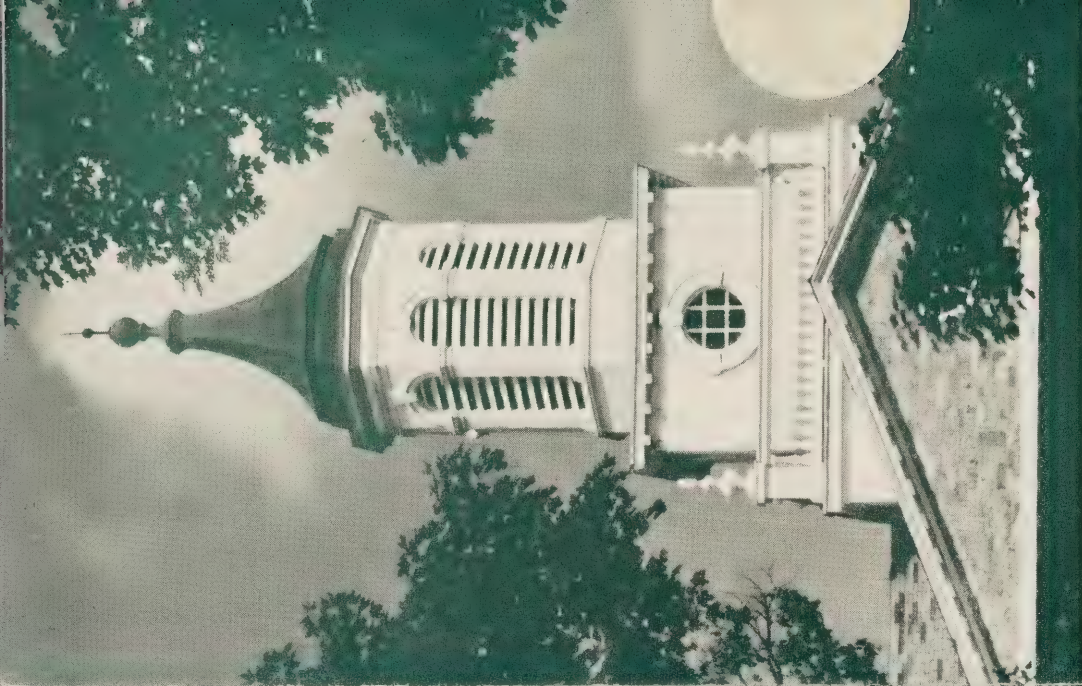
Perhaps you cannot provide for a perpetual "son" in Princeton Seminary, but are able to give \$100 for this year. If so, we shall be glad to assign your gift to a deserving student and send you his name.

Or, possibly you may wish to join the many Spire readers who in recent months have contributed smaller amounts. Your help, regardless of size, and especially your prayers for Princeton Seminary, will be appreciated.

The enclosed envelope will deliver your gift.

*Mr. Jesuthason George Arasaratnam (see next page) comes from Ceylon, where only 1% of the population are Protestant Christians. He is completing a year of graduate study at Princeton Seminary, after which he will return to his family and to his post as Principal of United Christian Teachers' Training College.*





## The SPIRE

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For a long time the Gospel was something I heard about from others. It was only after I left high school that I came into the experience of being able to say, "My Gospel." I used to know about God. Now I know God. I used to say that Christ died for the world. Now I can say, "Christ died for me."

I wish to say four things about this, "my Gospel." First, my Gospel is finally myself. It is not merely what I say or what I write, but what I live. The Gospel I proclaim must be myself.

Secondly, my Gospel will be read. I am writing a New Testament every day, a new witness. I am spreading "My Gospel." I have to ask myself daily, "Is my Gospel the Gospel of Christ's unending love in terms of my personality?"

Thirdly, my Gospel is just the Gospel somebody needs. There are two billion people in the world, and there is no one on earth exactly like me. But there are hundreds of people whose outlook is somewhat like mine. They are, as it were, on the same "wave length." They pick up the vibrations I send out. They may not get the Gospel at all unless they get the Gospel according to me. What a responsibility! But what a privilege! There is no joy in the world like the joy of knowing that someone else has found God through me.

Finally, my Gospel is not the whole Gospel. I am only a bay into which the water of the mighty ocean can flow. And as the bay needs continually the water from the ocean, so my Gospel needs constant renewal by the Holy Spirit.

JESUTHASON GEORGE ARASARATNAM. '54

SPRING 1954

# The SPIRE

Youth Adventuring for Christ

PUBLISHED BY PRINCETON THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY  
PRINCETON, NEW JERSEY

SEC. 34.65 (E) P. L. & R.

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TRENTON, N. J.

PERMIT NO. 937



# Wasan..

by Herbert Grether '43



**A**N ASTOUNDING variety of sound assaults the balmy December night in northern Thailand: loudspeakers bawling in measured accent, summoning the crowd to buy exotic goodies and spiced curry dishes, strange fruits, choice hand-woven silks, carved teakwood elephants, and the more familiar balloons and cheap toys; the murmuring of the drifting crowd among palm-thatched, bamboo booths, showily festooned with colored crepe paper; the wailing of loudly costumed actors in a play, to the weird harmony of gong and pipe, xylophone and drum; the screech of trishaw brakes; the barking of bony, homeless dogs. Loudest are the voices of the politicians who seek the ear of the crowd. A winter fair is in full swing.

Suddenly a new sound is heard. It is the strains of the great Welsh hymn, "Guide me, O Thou great Jehovah." The contrast is a striking symbol of the struggle that is on for the soul of Thailand. The hymn rises from an assembly gathered for the commencement exercises in McGilvary Theological Seminary. Five young men have just received their certificates. Resolution is written on their faces as they listen to Moderator Puang: "If you are faithful in your calling, a terrible struggle lies ahead of you. Be strong and steadfast. Learn to follow the rules of the fight as a Christian. Above all, be content to be poor. I have signed your certificates, not lightly and vainly, but with blood." In the pause that follows, the sounds of

the fair come in once more through the open windows. It is the voice of the world to which Christ is sending them as his witnesses.

One of the five in the class that day was Wasan. Tongkham had told me his story years before as we walked along under the palms on the lovely campus of Prince Royal's College at Chiangmai.

"My sister says he reads the Bible all the time. He is thinking of entering the Seminary when you open in May. He is staying with my sister's family now," Tongkham went on, "and she says she has never seen anyone quite like him, so hungry for the word of God."

That was the first I had ever heard of Wasan.

"How long has he been a Christian?" I asked.

"Less than two years. He was converted right here at Prince Royal's College when Moderator Puang and I conducted a week of services in the chapel." My companion's voice betrayed the pride of parenthood in the gospel.

"What is his background?"

"His family are all Buddhist. He is the only Christian. It was hard to make the break. They would have educated him. He's a bright boy, and could make ten times the income he will ever get in Christian service."

I have often wondered whether Wasan would have been so radiant had he not given up so much for Christ. With little

to live on, he did not complain of patched shirts and poverty. A lover of fun, with a winning smile and a good arm for badminton, he was popular. Living, studying, and working month after month without encouragement from home, his contagious good cheer did not falter.

The courage that had made it possible for Wasan to leave his family for the sake of Christ stayed with him. It was on an especially sultry day that the Gospel Team set out to visit a little country church at the foot of the mountains.

"I don't feel well," said Wasan, as we prepared to start.

"Maybe you had better stay behind today," I told him.

"But I want to go along," he said.

We needed his fine tenor voice on the hymns, and he was game, so I said, "All right."

He went. But the six mile walk back in the tropical sun was agony. That night he was in the hospital with typhoid fever.

Scarcely had he recovered when he was stricken with appendicitis. In spite of all this he kept up his studies, doing good work even when convalescing in bed.

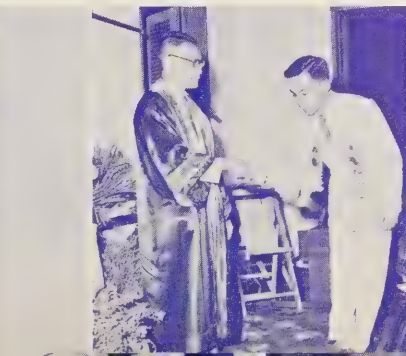
Important though it was to Wasan, his study was only preparation for the work he was so eager to begin. He was happiest when immersed in the need of the world about him. He was a faithful member of the Gospel Team on Sundays. With his fellow students he preached in the local markets and sold Scripture portions to the hungry and the curious. He was part of the miracle of reconciliation and inspiration in the first International Youth Work Camp in Thailand, when young people from Japan, the Philippines, Malaya, Burma, and Thailand met for fellowship in the name of Christ. He was a member of the conference of the World Christian Youth Federation at Travancore.

Today he is serving with Rev. Ray Downs in a Christian Student Hostel in Bangkok. There is perhaps no spot in the nation where the witness of Christian living can be more effective than in this great non-Christian university. "I teach Bible class four hours a week," he writes, "and help with the work of the Center. It is hard work, but I like it." Still his favorite hymn is "Guide me, O Thou great Jehovah." Why shouldn't it be? Wasan has found the joy of being "lost" for Christ and for Thailand.

*Gospel Team from McGilvary Seminary: Wasan, Grether, Banchob, Boon Yune. Five weeks tour, five major cities: Evangelism, Bible schools, leaders' conferences.*

*Moderator Puang presents Wasan with his seminary diploma. Four Princeton Seminary men were Wasan's teachers: Bruce Morgan '42, Albert Newport '46, Tong Kham '51, Herbert Grether '43.*

*Robbin Marvin and Banchob, with Gospel Team, tell street children the story of Zacchaeus. Marvin is now in Princeton Seminary and will return to Thailand.*







## Chaplain's Odyssey

“‘CHAPLAIN, you’d better come topside. This tub’s turning over and I think she’s going to hit the bottom,’ shouted the boatswain’s mate. The ship seemed to be cruising on her side, and I was sure we were in for it.

“On deck strange shapes were popping up from the hatchways. In the eerie light of the storm, they looked like beings from a Walt Disney movie. They were terrified men in Mae Wests, sure that their first ocean trip was going to be their last. No power on earth, let alone officers’ orders, could have kept them in the troop compartments.

“It took the rest of the night to bring order out of the panic, but toward morning I stood alone on the deck with the men squatting around me. With one arm around a stanchion, a bottle of communion wine in one hand and a box of wafers in the other, I held communion. One by one the men crawled up—a sip from the bottle—a bit of wafer—and the words of One who in the storm had said, ‘Be not afraid.’ A feeling of peace seemed to come over the uneasy deck, and the tired men were quiet. The historic Pacific typhoon had blown itself out, and we were still afloat.”

You would never suspect that the young chap with the blue eyes, the blond



*Courtesy: United States Navy*

hair, and the soft southern drawl who told me this story, was a hero. It was mostly from his friends that I got his background.

It was January, 1943. Jimmy Skelton was a senior in Union Seminary at Richmond, Virginia. Six months more and he would be graduated. Then, in spite of his exemption from the draft as a seminary student, he felt the irresistible urge to enlist and serve with the men who were fighting a war.

“Don’t do it, Skelton,” said his professors. “At least wait six months until you have finished your course in seminary.”

But in a few weeks Jimmy Skelton, in the uniform of a Navy gob, was a hospital apprentice in the Medical Corps, and shuttling back and forth across the Atlantic on a troop ship.

One day, after nearly two years of this service, his superior officer called him

into his cabin. “Skelton, I hear that before you joined up you were a student in theological seminary.”

“Yes,” said Jimmy quietly.

“Well, if you don’t happen to know it, I’m telling you, the Navy needs men like you in the chaplaincy. We don’t like to lose you, but I strongly urge you to apply for a transfer.”

That’s how Jimmy Skelton in the summer of 1944 found himself on the campus of Princeton Seminary where he took intensive training for the chaplaincy under the V-12 program.

In a few short weeks he felt beneath his feet the rolling deck of another transport, this time in the broad waters of the South Pacific. There followed two years of wonderful experience as spiritual advisor to boys heading for some of the most terrific fighting ever seen. There was the great typhoon, and there were

*Occupational therapy is a part of Chaplain Skelton’s program for convalescents.*

*A social worker serving under Skelton interviews a patient.*





other perils that Jim didn't tell me about.

And then came peace. It would have been the easiest thing in the world for Skelton to settle down to a pastorate in some lovely tree-shaded town of his own southland. But there was a spirit in his blood dedicated to high adventure for Christ. Off went a letter to his Board of Foreign Missions. In eight months he found himself in a tiny mission station in the heart of the great plains of central Brazil, as yet untouched by modern civilization. Poverty, ignorance and disease were everywhere, and everywhere there was the need for Christ. Tropical heat and clouds of swirling red dust made the dry season almost unbearable, and in the rainy season the vast plain became a sea of red mud.

"Tell me," I said to him, "what was your most interesting experience in Brazil?"

He thought for a moment. "My most interesting experience," he said, "might seem to you a very insignificant affair, but it held for me one of the greatest lessons of my life:

"I don't think I ever met a more attractive Christian than Jose. There was a radiant unselfishness about him that was a constant witness to the Christ who had saved him. It had been a wonderful re-birth, as I learned from my fellow missionaries, for Jose, they told me, had been the most notorious character in all the neighborhood. His about-face had been one of God's own miracles.

"With his own funds Jose had established a little mission outpost in a needy district several miles away. On Sunday afternoons he and I would walk there and back to hold services. The red mud was almost knee deep and the darkness inky black one night, when we set out for home. I counted on my flashlight to find our way through a particularly treacherous stretch of swamp. When we

reached the spot, to my dismay, I found that my batteries were dead. Jose had a book of matches. One by one he would light them to help us through the most dangerous spots. At long last we felt the slope of ascending ground beneath our feet, and soon we reached the top of the rise from which we could see the lights of our village, and knew we were safe. Then, pausing for a moment, Jose struck the last match and held it aloft. 'You see, reverend,' he said, 'there is not enough darkness in all the world to put out the light of one tiny match.'"

But the rigors of climate and of hard work took their toll of Jimmy Skelton. At the end of three years he was sent home with tuberculosis. In the Veterans' Hospital at Oteen, North Carolina, he began the long fight of quiet patience and faith that was to last for eighteen months. But his commitment to the service of Christ gave him no rest. Here and there among the patients, as he was able, he carried his message of cheer and hope. As soon as he could walk, he found himself diligently engaged as a volunteer chaplain in a civilian hospital. Later he became one of the earliest chaplains to serve under the new law of North Carolina for its state hospitals. Now he heads the chaplaincy work in the State Sanatorium. It was when he came to Princeton Seminary to tell men about this service that I met him.

"Tell me something of your experience in this new work," I said.

Again there was an apologetic pause. "You probably won't think much of this story either," he said, "but it marks another milestone in my understanding of the grace of Christ:

"A frail little lady was sitting propped up in bed. Pinned to her blanket was a sheet of drawing paper, and with intense concentration she was sketching a lovely picture of her native birds and flowers.



*For three years, until tuberculosis forced his return to America, Jim Skelton worked in villages like this in the interior of Brazil.*

It had taken the misfortune of her illness, and the gift of a box of pastel crayons to uncover her hidden talent.

"'Chaplain, praise God, and give thanks that I can still draw birds,' she said.

"Months before, the doctor had told her that the disease had attacked the bone in her right leg and that he would have to amputate. Courageously she replied, 'Just so long as God lets me keep my hands, doctor, I'll go on with my drawing.'

"Then came the news we had all been dreading. Miss Leland would have to lose her left arm. At the time of her death, she was at work with her one hand on an ambitious mural for the entrance hall. That unfinished sketch carries a message of courage and faith that is greater than any of my sermons."

For his own enthusiasm and courage and faith, we nominate Jimmy Skelton to the company of "Youth Adventuring for Christ."

*One of Skelton's outpost Sunday Schools in Brazil.*



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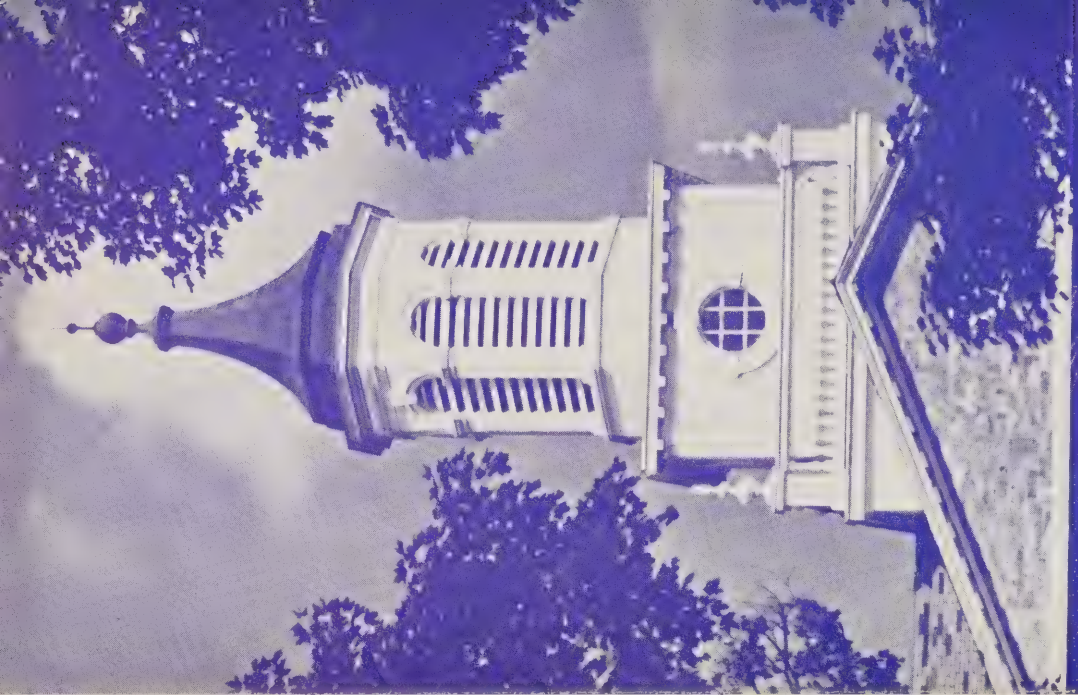
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AUTUMN 1954

# The SPIRE

Youth Adventuring for Christ

PUBLISHED BY PRINCETON THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY  
PRINCETON, NEW JERSEY

## The SPIRE

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THE "music of the hot rods" was much more beautiful to me than the ringing of the church bells. The excitement of speed was what I wanted, not the company of somber folk in the church around the corner.

It was "Hi, Don, let's go! The 'gang' is having a party." And my answer was always, "Swell, I'm ready. We've got the rest of Sunday to shoot—so let's shoot it!" Sure, I went to Sunday school, but by ten o'clock my religion was ended for the day.

Every free minute was filled with the doings of the gang. There was the blur of lights and parties and racing motors, and more things, too. To have real fun, you had to get into a little trouble; that's all there was to it.

One day my minister dared me to come to the all night New Year's Eve party the young people at the church were having. So I went.

I found the greatest bunch of guys and girls in the world, who were trying to find something exciting in life, just as I was. I found that they had the answer.

One evening two years later, when I was a sophomore in college, my father said, "Don, did you see those young hoodlums in the front paper?" I looked at the story and the front-page picture. There, staring out at me, were the frightened faces of my own "gang," which I had left to join the church. The headline underneath said, "Youthful Car Lifters Get Six Years." Sure, my eyes were playing tricks—but there in the middle was a space just my size.

It was Christ or crime for me. That night I decided on the ministry. I want to help others who are going the same direction that I was.

DON PENDELL, PRINCETON '55





# Way-Station to Freedom

by  
Duncan C. Stewart, Princeton Seminary, '50  
Chaplain U. S. Army

"Is this the place, chaplain?" asked the GI who was driving the jeep.

"Yes, Don, this is Altenstadt," I said.

It was a grim, grey barracks on the cold, windswept plain of southern Bavaria. Once it had housed 600 of Germany's elite Luftwaffe; now it was packed with 2000 desperate refugees in their flight from Communism.

Don stopped the jeep in the middle of the dismal barracks yard. The children with pinched faces watched from a distance. Don pulled some candy from his pocket and held it out, but the children only stared.

"They won't take it," said a young German lad who stood near.

"Why not?" said Don.

"They are afraid of soldiers. Besides, they believe Americans give candy to children to poison them."

"You're kidding," said the GI, "no one believes that."

"These children do," said the lad. "They have been told it time and again by their teachers in the East Zone."

The young German began to help the GI unload the jeep trailer — boxes and boxes of clothing. Where did it come from? Well, that's another story. It started on Christmas day 1953, when the GI boys in my camp in Augsburg thirty miles away heard about the refugees in Altenstadt. They wrote their folks in little churches in little towns all over America. This was the first load of a response that totaled more than 10,000 pounds.

"What's your name?" said Don.

"Manfred," said the German lad.

"Are you here with your family?"

"No, I'm alone. I have been here just two days.

"I was a leader in the Evangelical Youth Movement in our town, and president of the Young People's group in my church. One day there came a knock at the door. When I opened it, a representative of the People's Party stepped in.

"'You will no longer be able to attend school,' he said.

"Why? I asked.

"'Because you are a leader in the Evangelical Youth Movement. We have been watching you for the past two years. From now on, instead of attending school, you will become a member of a Party Study Cell and a Cell Leader.'

"This I knew was a Party device to attract other young people from the church.

"I had been put on the Party suspect list, so no one dared give me employment. I was allowed to continue my service with the Evangelical Church Youth, but I searched in vain for work.

"Then things came to a head. A member of the People's Police took me to the Police Station. There they offered me a job on the People's Police. I was told to take it, or else . . . Two nights later I fled."

"How old are you, Manfred?" said Don.

"Seventeen."

"And you escaped and made the trip alone?"

"What else could I do?"

By this time the frightened children had come closer. Soon Don was swamped with children who wanted candy and rides in the jeep. In two hours this GI boy with his candy and his jeep had done more to destroy Communist propaganda than all the broadcasts of "The Voice of America."

On another trip we met Erica, an attractive young woman of twenty-six.

*Two little girls in their American clothes. A third anxiously waits to be outfitted.*



*Chaplain Stewart's jeep arrives at Altenstadt.*



*Over one thousand children are usually in Altenstadt, waiting to be located in the free world.*



She was a graduate of the University of Breslau and a kindergarten teacher "somewhere in Silesia." One afternoon, as she was cleaning up the room to go home, a Party Representative entered.

"All teachers must become Party members. You will join, or else . . ."

Erica slept little that night. Her father had spent four years in a Russian labor camp, her brother, too, had been in a slave camp. She was faced with unemployment, or worse. With her brother she fled toward the West. They traveled by night and hid by day until they reached Altenstadt.

Manfred and Erica are only two of the 1500 to 2000 who constantly are moving through this "way-station to freedom." Manfred now lives with an Evangelical pastor and is learning a trade. Erica has just married a young German lawyer. Both of them are free.

Still the procession continues. Somehow they manage to slip through the curtain of fear. This is the usual story: "One day I closed the door and started out empty-handed as though going to the market or the movies, and then came my chance."

Now here they halt for a few days or weeks at Altenstadt: the farmer who has left his farm and all his possessions, the political prisoner who has escaped concentration camp, the young couple with the new baby, the family with five children, the laborer, the merchant, the engineer, the school teacher — all with a story to tell, all seeking freedom.

Thank God for the GI boys who shared their Christmas joy with these refugees. . . . and for the home folks who sent the clothing and followed it with their prayers. Thank God for the Evangelical Church of East Germany that refuses to die. . . . and for "His Unspeakable Gift" who, behind the Iron Curtain, keeps alive in the hearts of men the hope of freedom.

For protection of refugees, American Intelligence in Germany allows only pictures of children to be published. Manfred and Erica are not the real names of the young people in this article.



# WANTED:



*He shuffled down the dark street along the waterfront in Baltimore. His clothes were shabby, his hands dirty, and he needed a shave. He walked in and out of saloons and flop houses, stood in the dark alleys and watched the thieves, the panhandlers, the flotsam and jetsam of a great city, as they moved furtively through the shadows seeking new victims or plotting new evils to unfold in the night.*

*This man whose sharp blue eyes watched through his spectacles was making plans too, but of a different kind. He was a young, courageous student from Princeton Theological Seminary who had invaded Baltimore's underworld in disguise to see at first hand where Christian teachings might be most needed.*

*Description of Bob Meyer in the Sunday Digest, David C. Cook Publishing Co., November 1, 1953.*

## UNWANTED BOYS

by Bob Meyer, Princeton Seminary, '47.

"He's no good. He's rotten all the way through." The officer spoke with conviction, and the sullen, sneering boy standing beside him in the tiny courtroom looked the part. At eight he had been a truant, at nine a shoplifter, at ten a court case with a list of fifteen robberies. Now at twelve his record was almost complete. In a murderous rage he had tried to kill an elderly teacher with a chair.

"Reverend Meyer," said the judge, "what do you have to say?" She knew from past experience what I would say

—that I believed in the boy who was "no good," that I wanted him released in my care.

For two years my wife Betty and I had pursued the gangs and problem kids of our area, a slum-ridden neighborhood, where vice, crime, and delinquency were the normal way of life. McKim Center had become known as the place where "bad kids" were more sought after than "good kids," where no matter what you did or said you were always welcome. And so they came — thieves and truants, boy and girl prosti-

tutes, arsonists, rapists and muggers.

This boy was nothing new to us. Perhaps more bitter than most, more full of hate for all of society than most, he still was only a child who needed help. A push in the wrong direction, and he might some day hang.

The judge hesitated. The record said only one thing — confinement in the State Training School. What else was left? Yet, other kids just as bad had made good. Why not give the preacher a chance?

*Bob Meyer relaxes with some of his boys at McKim Haven.*

*The McKim Boys Haven built in 1871.*

*Boys from McKim Haven have hiked and camped in seven states, covering 1200 miles a year.*







*"We thank thee for this food . . ."*

Minutes later, the boy and I walked out into the streets of Baltimore together. "She's a dope," he said. Son of a prostitute, he had learned from the cradle to fight his own battles with any weapon at hand. Now he had won another battle against the police and the court and was free on probation to me, a minister, of all things.

The next year was a difficult one for Tony. He found at the Center things he never expected. There were other boys out of his gang who joined him on a fifteen hundred mile trip to Canada in an old truck. There were midnight swims in the bay, and club meetings full of excitement and thrills. He and his cronies learned rifle shooting, canoeing, hiking and camping. Clean or dirty, friendly or ugly, good or bad, he was always wanted and always loved.

Yet even this was not enough. Home conditions, school problems, abject poverty, led him once more into court for stealing. But now there was an alternative to the State Training School —The McKim Boy's Haven. We had been praying for more room. In Christmas of 1949 our prayer was answered. A two hundred year old house with twenty-eight rooms was given to us. Filled with crumbling plaster, windows without glass, strewn with junk and full of debris, it had looked little like a home for boys. Yet, two weeks later, Betty

*McKim wrestling team won the championship of Baltimore in 1954.*



and I moved into McKim Haven.

The judge knew this. She knew too that there were already three other hardened delinquent boys in our family.

"Would you like to live with Reverend Meyer?" she said.

"Would I? You bet I would," the answer was quick and definite. The Haven had a new boy, and Betty and I had another foster son.

There was no miracle overnight. Still savage and hostile, the boy had to work out his hate, sometimes on us, sometimes on other boys. This culminated in a fierce battle in his bedroom in which he knifed a sixteen year old and was himself strangled into unconsciousness. When he came to he knew that he had been but a few seconds from death. He fled blindly into the night.

Hours later I found him and brought him home. The incident was forgotten by us but not by him. Months later he said one day, "You wanted me back." For a moment I didn't know what he meant and then it dawned on me. The thing which he remembered most clearly was not the battle, but his welcome home. He couldn't put it in words, but we both knew that love had finally conquered hate.

After two years at the Haven he stood first in his class at school, he had joined the Church of the Saviour (a part of the McKim Haven Program) on profession of faith, and was ready to leave us as a promising, well-adjusted boy of sixteen. As he was about to go he gave me a box saying, "Keep this, I won't need it any more." Inside was a deadly "zip" gun he had made and kept concealed. The surrender of his gun was the surrender of the old life and the beginning of a new one.

*Don Moomaw, whose statement appears on the next page, was "All American" football player in 1950, '51 and '52, and Lineman of the Year in 1952.*

*Following his graduation from U.C.L.A., he was offered a position on the professional team of the Los Angeles Rams, which he refused because it involved playing on Sunday.*

*He also made the "All Canadian" team and played professional football in Canada where no Sunday play was required.*

*He accompanied Billy Graham on his three-month evangelistic campaign in London. Then with a film strip of the campaign, he made a 30,000 mile trip to visit foreign missionaries around the world.*

*Don is now a first-year student in Princeton Seminary.*



A good man died

He left \$24,000

His prosperous son  
received \$16,000

His needy widow  
received \$8,000

God  
received nothing

And the good man  
might have left

everything right

instead of wrong

if he had only

MADE A WILL!

James K. Quay, Vice President  
Princeton Theological Seminary  
Princeton, New Jersey

Please send me free the letter-folder,  
"Dear Mr. and Mrs. Smith:" which tells  
in simple language what I should know  
about making a Will.

Name.....

Address.....



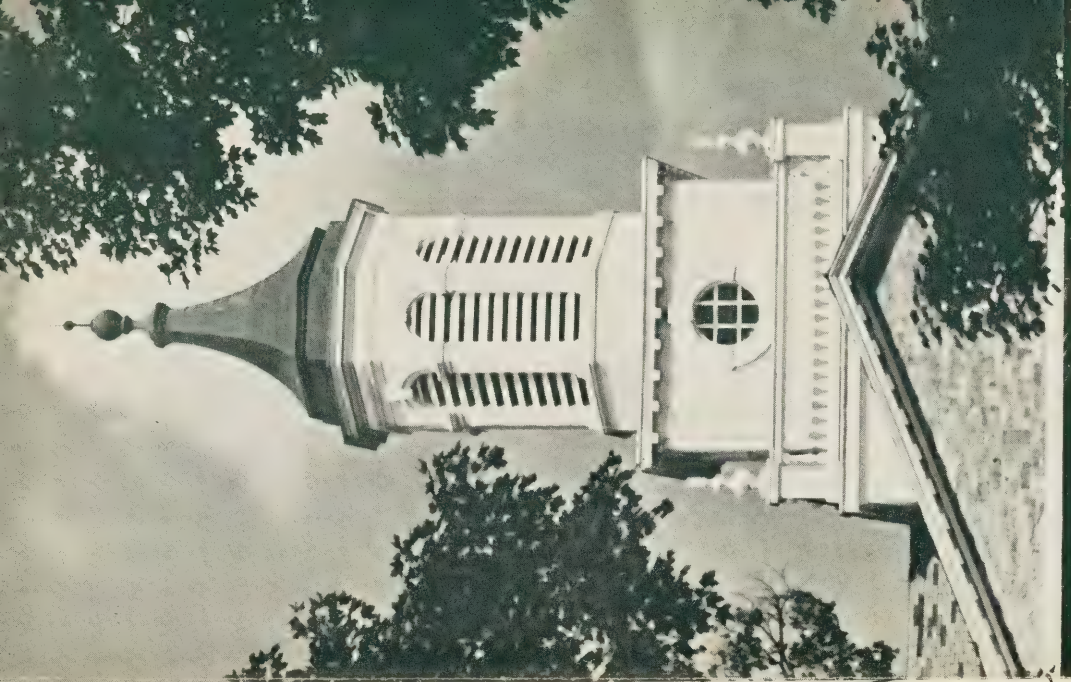


**I**t was in the mammoth Coliseum in Los Angeles, with over 100,000 enthusiastic fans looking on. Little did I realize as this biggest of annual classics got under way, that I was about to have the greatest thrill of my life. The time was running out, the score was tied, the 60 million fans across the U. S. were huddling closer to their television sets. Then from somewhere out of the blue came the pigskin into my waiting arms. As I hustled across that goal line the assurance swept over me that I had finally found what I had been seeking: this was it, this was the answer! Yes, I knew without a doubt that this was the greatest thrill I had ever experienced.

The next day I went to church with Bill Bright, a former Princeton Seminary student. After church we had a very heart-searching discussion. I saw for the first time in my life that becoming a Christian was more than turning over a new leaf, it was turning over a "new life." That day I gave my heart and my soul to Christ as Saviour and Master of my life.

This decision far surpasses any touchdown or other superficial thrill that I ever experienced on or off the gridiron.

DON MOOMAW, PRINCETON SEMINARY, '57



## The SPIRE

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SPRING 1955

# The SPIRE

Youth Adventuring for Christ

PUBLISHED BY PRINCETON THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY  
PRINCETON, NEW JERSEY

SEC. 34.65 (E) P. L. & R.

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## Found: A Lost Boy

by Jim and Alma Wright

*Princeton Seminary, '50 and '49*

"Sir, I'm going to quit school and go home."

Sunday evening church service was over. Now, in the darkness he blurted out the bitter truth that had been tormenting him for days.

I looked down at the fourteen year old boy as he trudged doggedly and despondently by my side. My mind went back to the morning just two months before when he had appeared in my office covered with dust. He had traveled for two days on the top of a truck across the rough dirt roads that led from his home. There was an eagerness in his face that told its story before he began to talk.

"I want to become a student in Instituto Ponte Nova," he said excitedly.

"But," I said, "the classes are full; the dormitories are full; there just isn't space for another boy in the school."

"Not one more place?" he asked.

"Not one more place," I replied.

"But," he said, "people told me all I had to do was to come with the money in my hand, and you would take me in."

"You mean you are going to pay your own expenses?" I asked.

"What's wrong with that?" was his reply.

"Nothing," I said, "except that you will be the only student in the whole

school who is doing that sort of thing. Your father must be fairly well-to-do."

"I have no father," he answered quietly. "He deserted my mother and my brothers when I was only two years old, and I have been helping to support the family ever since I was old enough to work."

"And in spite of this you have saved enough to pay your way to school?"

"Yes," he said.

As I looked up, I saw there were tears coursing down his dust-stained face. The tears and the eagerness put me on the spot. This was the sort of lad we were looking for in our school for the training of Christian leaders.

There was one ray of hope I dared not mention. A boy might fail in the entrance exams for the Normal course and drop out for a year.

"Well, Artur," I said, "there may be a chance. I can't tell you until tomorrow."

He bit his lips in an effort to control himself, reached for his battered hat, and without a word was gone.

Next morning I had just sat down to breakfast, when an eager voice behind me said, "Sir, I'm awfully sorry to interrupt your breakfast, but can't you give me an answer now?"

He had had a bath, his hair was combed, and he fairly stood on his toes in expectation.

"Yes, Artur, you can stay. Take the upper bunk in number eight."

\* \* \*

And now here he was, asserting his firm determination to leave.

"Are you happy here?" I said.

"Yes, sir."

"Don't you like the food?"

"It's better than at home," he said.

"Do the other boys tease you?"

"No, they're swell."

"Artur, is this the first time you've been away from home?"

"Ye-e-e-s," he stammered.

This was the answer, the boy was homesick. We talked more. There were tears, but a stubborn resolution. "It's no use, I've made up my mind."

I offered a silent prayer for guidance. Then I put my hands on his shoulders and said, "Artur, you are a coward."

Instantly his manner changed. "I'm a man," he blurted, "and I'm going to prove it to you."

And so the boy in number eight stayed.

\* \* \*

The week of special meetings had come to a close. The crowd was leaving, but a fourteen year old boy lingered hesitantly.

"What is your name, young man?" asked The Reverend Aourado, who had preached.

"Artur," said the boy softly, his head still bowed as if in prayer. "I want to be a Christian."

As Artur and the preacher prayed together, a flood of pictures rushed through the boy's mind — a father whom he had never seen, his dear mother, his shirtless toil with a hoe under the bright sun, his small crops of beans and manioc, the dusty trip to school, the indecision of the first few weeks, the compelling urge to want to be like Christ and do His will.

"Only a fourteen year old boy," you say.

"Yes," and "No." He is a fourteen year old boy suddenly become "a man in Christ Jesus." It is in boys like this, far more than in the foreign missionary, that the hope of the Kingdom of God lies. Some of them will go into teaching, some into the ministry of healing, some into the world of expanding business opportunity, some into the ministry of preaching. Whatever they do and wherever they go in its vast open spaces, — in the Amazon jungles, in the mining settlements, the lumber camps, or in its teeming new cities, they will be "Salt of the Earth" and "Light of the World" in the great land of Brazil.

*Future builders in home, church and state in the new Brazil.*



*Donkey baseball — part of the sports program at Instituto Ponte Nova.*



*Artur came from a home like this.*







# Circuit-Riding on Top of the World

by John C. Taylor, Chaplain, U. S. Army

Princeton Seminary, '47

After six days of unsuccessful effort because of atmospheric conditions, an Army corporal, age 23, finally contacted his wife in a 5000-mile MARS call to West Virginia. His purpose was to appeal to her for reconciliation. He came to my office a few minutes later.

"Chaplain," he said, "before I could finish the first sentence, she hung up on me."

What advice can a Chaplain give to a GI who receives a "Dear John" letter and is located "on top of the world" at Thule, Greenland, a scant 800 miles from the North Pole? Up here in the Far North eighty percent of the consultations are on marital difficulties.

\* \* \*

Thule Air Base, in northwest Greenland,

serves as the northernmost support for Strategic Air Command.

Thule means "farthest possible limit." Everyone up here agrees with that definition. The summer sun is a thing of beauty, remaining above the horizon 24-hours a day during May, June, July, and August; but for the rest of the year, winter holds us in its relentless grip. It is the land of the iceberg, polar bear, and fjord. Ever-crawling glaciers dominate the landscape, traveling southward at a speed of 10 to 100 feet a day, finally "calving" into the great icebergs which endanger the northern trade-routes of the North Atlantic Ocean.

"Horizontal" snow comes early and stays late, blown off the Greenland Icecap by 150 mile-an-hour winds.

\* \* \*

I am the only U. S. Army Chaplain above the 76th parallel. I serve a battalion that is farther north than any other Army combat unit. Situated 700 miles north of the Arctic Circle, we work at 60 below zero.

I travel by snowmobile, weasel, jeep, plane, and helicopter to the snowcapped hills and mountains to conduct worship services for the GI's at the gunsites, outlying stations, and weather outposts. I leave at 7:30 Sunday morning, conduct five worship services, travel sixty miles, and finish at 9:00 P.M. Some of the GI's have had little previous contact with the Church or Sunday School.

Because of the isolation and extreme weather conditions women and children are not permitted here. Naturally, AWOL is unheard of. So is prostitution and VD.

*A barracks room group studies the New Testament with Chaplain Taylor.*



*Polar Eskimo children with Chaplain.*



*Greenland Icecap. The ice beneath us is 8,000 feet thick.*





But we have tendencies toward alcoholism, profanity, and lewd pin-ups.

\* \* \*

The Old Man says, "Chaplain, how's the morale among the troops?"

Everyone falls victim to a low mood now and then. Others, away from home for the first time, suffer from chronic depression. Others describe it as "a feeling of futility."

I visit the barracks in the early evening. The soldiers are lying on their cots, listening to phonograph records: a song of the home state . . . the plains of Texas, the deep South; the Puerto Ricans listening to misty Latin American music . . . the same song over and over.

We talk about home,—their girls, wives, and families, their plans for the future. I come back to my room, wondering why war and rumors of war should scatter these kids, and other GI's, all over the world . . . away from home and loved ones . . . why God has decided that they should be in these Arctic barrens.

But what right have we to ask "Why?" to the Lord God?

\* \* \*

Ten miles from our northernmost gun-site-outpost, there is a small Danish settlement consisting of four families.

The Danish radio station is operated to maintain communications with Godthaab, the capital of Greenland, and Copenhagen, the capital of Denmark.

There is no minister at the village. The families invite me to their homes. Thursday evening of Holy Week, one of the radio operators said, "I wish we could attend church on Easter Sunday."

I picked up the families, including five small children, and brought them to the Easter Service in the dayroom of an artillery battery gunsite. Reading the New Testament in Danish, they followed the Resurrection Story as I read to the soldiers in English.

It gave an international and ecumenical flavor to the Easter Service, — Danish Lutherans and American GI Presbyterians, Baptists, Lutherans, Episcopalians, Methodists,—all worshipping One Risen Lord.

\* \* \*

The artillery guns encircle the base and are manned 24 hours a day, seven days a week.

Each gun crew consists of eight soldiers

who live, eat, and sleep in an Atwell tent. I make weekly visits to each gunsite.

The radio operator sits with earphones on, checking communications. Nothing happens. Still on stand-by. Then we are called to "alert" and battle stations. An unidentified plane is in the area. We are at the guns, waiting. The jets are "scrambled."

The plane is declared friendly . . . we go back to a stand-by basis . . . back-inside the Atwell tent.

\* \* \*

"What impresses you most in this long Arctic winter night?" I asked five of these artillerymen.

Sfc. Donald E. Wilson, 23, of Chattanooga, Tennessee, said, "To hear the call of the huskies in the still of the night."

"To feel cut off from the outside world by hundreds of miles of impenetratable ice," replied Cpt. David F. Allen, 20, of Roswell, New Mexico.

Pfc. Raymond A. Larson, 19, of Sacramento, California, said, "All one wants to do is sleep, like animals that hibernate in winter."

Cpl. James L. Stevens, 21, of Detroit, Michigan, answered, "To work out to the very day and minute when one will see the sun again."

"It's bleak, isolated, and lonely," said Pfc. John M. Watkins, 20, of Charlotte, North Carolina, "and often I think of the verse from the Bible: 'Lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world.'"

\* \* \*

Despite the isolation, morale is surprisingly high. It is buoyed up by the knowledge that we are manning "our most important defense bastion."

A twelve-month tour of duty, where the nights last six months, gives opportunity for self-analysis. Reading and reflective thinking are more prevalent than at home. Popular devotional booklets include: To-day, The Upper Room, The Link, and Guide-posts.

Attendance at Chapel has grown from 9% to 65%. The building is packed and extra services have been added. Numerous soldiers have requested baptism. Six soldiers have decided on the Christian ministry and meet with me regularly.

Very shortly I shall be leaving Thule, to rejoin my family whom I have not seen for twelve months. I look forward eagerly to the experience. But I must confess there will be a tug at my heartstrings as I



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TO PREACH CHRIST  
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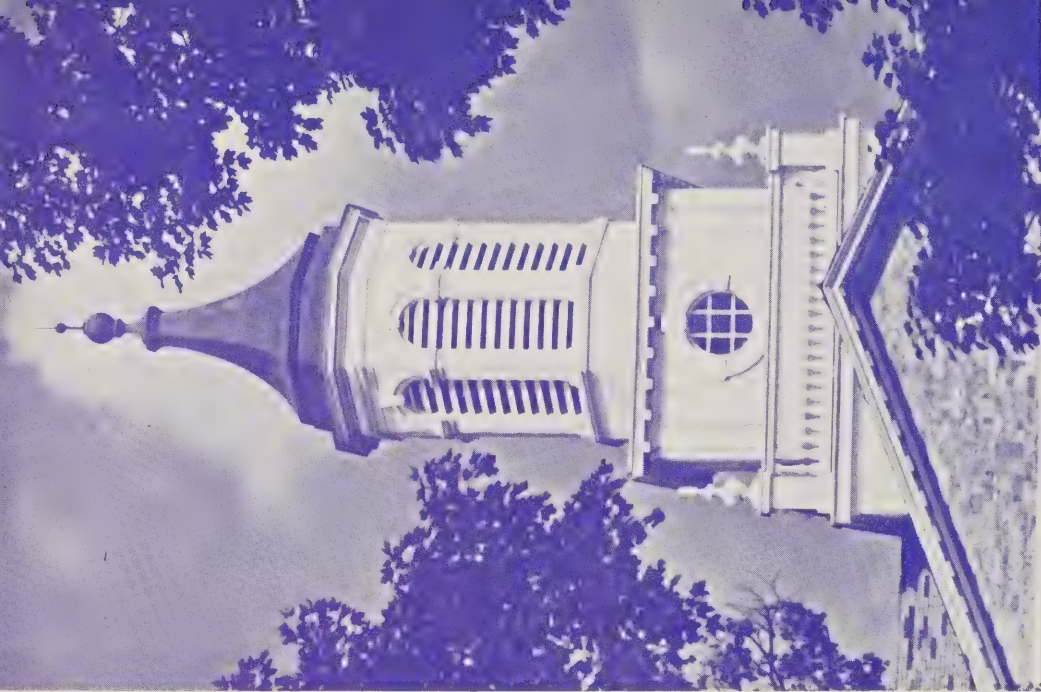
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sever the comradeship I have had with these magnificent GI's who, with courage and cheerfulness, are guarding this Northern Frontier of Freedom.

\* \* \*

Chaplain Taylor has the unique distinction of receiving the Commendation Ribbon with Metal Pendant from the Department of the U. S. Army for his services in Thule.





AUTUMN 1955

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Youth Adventuring for Christ

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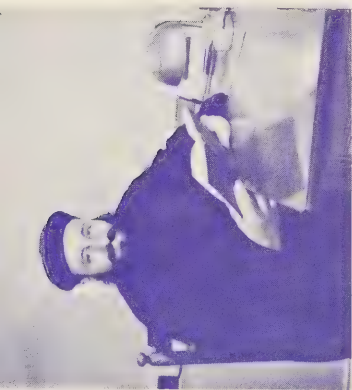
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The Reverend Makary el Souriany

*Princeton Seminary, '55*

Seven years ago the man in this picture was buried alive. His body was not actually placed in the ground, but it lay in state, covered by the death shroud, while the funeral service and the solemn prayers for the dead were said. The ceremony symbolized his death to the world and his dedication to a life of poverty, chastity and obedience for the sake of Christ. He grew a beard and adopted the dress which he wears in this picture.

If all of this sounds forbidding and austere, you would quickly change your opinion had you met him last year at Princeton Seminary and University. The beard and the sombre garb could not hide the delightful personality of this charming young man just thirty-five years of age. With quiet dignity and grace he won a welcome from both faculty and students.

The Reverend Makary is a loyal member of the Orthodox Coptic Church of Egypt, one of the oldest churches in the world. It was founded in the year 40 A.D. by St. Mark, and the pilgrims from Egypt who had been at Pentecost in Jerusalem. It is a spiritual experience to hear Reverend Makary tell the story of this church of which he is so proud, — its endurance through centuries of persecution, and its vigorous spiritual life as it seeks to minister to Egypt.

Reverend Makary was graduated from Princeton Seminary this year with the degree of Master of Religious Education. Before coming to America he earned his B.A. in Law at Cairo University, his B.A. in Education from the American University at Cairo, and his B.D. from the Coptic Seminary in Cairo. He is Director of Christian Education of the Coptic Church and has been a teacher in the Coptic Seminaries of Cairo, Alexandria, and Addis Ababa in Ethiopia. He was a delegate to the World Council in Evanston, and has been the first official representative of his church to study in the United States. He has returned to Egypt to serve Christ in the leadership of youth in the great Coptic Church of that land.





**W V -**

by **Gordon Blasius**  
*Princeton Seminary, '53*

A puff of smoke, the sizzling sound of burning hair and another calf bounds to its feet. A well-marked W V — shows that one more heifer has been branded for the Lord.

"Where do these go, Ed?"

"Well, a couple of the small ones are going out on pasture. The rest we'll put in the feed lot for fattening."

I watched the frisky calves prancing about the corral. As "church calves" they would get the best possible care from the farmers and ranchers of our Weldon Valley Church project. Extra feed, straw bedding, expert veterinary attention and whatever else they needed would be theirs.

One day they would be taken to market. Then my phone would start ringing. "How did that calf of mine make out, Gordon? Did he hit a thousand pounds?"

Our project started many months ago. We were looking for a way to raise money for the church. But how? Most of us were farmers and ranchers. Money-raising projects are not always readily

available to rural communities, where the main talent is knowing how to till the soil or raise livestock.

At a meeting one night we hit upon the idea of supplying calves to members and friends of the church, who in turn would feed them until they were ready to be sold. Within a few weeks we had organized "The Livestock Feeders Association", elected officers and registered our own brand in Colorado.

The news soon spread. The man who runs the grain elevator in Fort Morgan stopped me one day. "I hear you're raising a bunch of calves out your way to help the church."

"Yes, we bought a load of young calves and passed them around to the cattle-feeders in the congregation. We'll make a nice profit when the calves are ready for market."

"Well, now, wouldn't you like to have some feed concentrate to help put the beef on those calves? If your men will agree to use it, we'll donate a hundred pounds for every calf!"

We had some laughs along the way. The church calves had a way of getting into trouble. The low fences on one hog-feeder's farm proved a great temptation for two eager heifers. They were hardly off the truck when they headed for greener pastures. Five days later our president had a phone call. "Ed, I've got a strange calf in my pasture—W V Bar brand on him. There's another in my neighbor's field."

"Say, they must be the two that jumped the fence. They're church calves. We bought them last week. We'll pick them up right away."

"No need for that. Why not leave 'em?"

Our project is paying dividends, both material and spiritual. The ranchers have rolled up their sleeves and begun to work. It's sometimes hard for a man to talk about his faith, but he can express it in action. We have already repaired

and refurbished the church, installed a new furnace and completely redecorated the basement.

And it's heart-warming to see so many more men greeting each other at church on Sunday morning. As one rancher put it, "Barney Anderson is not just the name of a fellow who lives a long way off. He's a friend now, someone real. You can travel many miles, but you'll find we're all neighbors."

Last spring two of our farmers went to the Chicago Meeting of Presbyterian Men. One was eager to go, but we almost had to drag Dave away from his home and cattle, with a promise that we would not ask him to give a talk before the congregation about his trip.

Something happened, however, and when Dave returned he wanted to talk! "I was sitting next to a young lawyer from the mid-west and he made the remark that the Presbyterian Church should stick to the cities and suburbs and leave the country people to the Baptists and Methodists. That made me mad! When he kept on talking and talking about it, I just had to say something. I asked him if he wasn't just a little out of line. I told him I was a farmer, and a farmer or rancher can worship in a Presbyterian church just as well as a lawyer or anyone else!"

At a recent meeting we discussed plans for the Association. They include more cattle, of course. But there's a new wrinkle.

"What do you fellows think about renting that forty acres of land just north of the church?" asked one of the men.

"It's good for hay and corn—maybe enough to feed a carload of cattle through the winter," added another.

"Say," said a third, "with a whole carload we'd get a premium price!"

So it goes. W V Bar will speak for a long time to come, and men will grow in spiritual understanding, as they put their talents to work for God.

**Branded for the Lord**



**"Put me down for two!"**



**On the range**





# "..From The Power of Darkness.."

by Bill Stackhouse

Princeton Seminary, '49

A lonely, naked child was sitting in front of an African hut. She was little more than skin and bones, and she was staring at us vacantly.

"Who is that child?" I asked one of the villagers.

He pointed to a grave nearby. "Her father lies there. Her mother is in another marriage in a village fifty miles away."

"Who looks after her?"

"No one."

"Where does she sleep? Who feeds her?"

"She lives by herself in the house that was her father's."

The child continued to stare blankly. When my wife Joan and I spoke to her, she made no response. We noticed that the natives shunned her as if she were untouchable. One said that he gave her food occasionally. But we later learned that any food she received was tossed at her from a distance. No one wanted to get close to the wretched creature. More often than not the insatiable village goats would seize the food before the child could get her feeble hands on it.

It was unwise for us to ask more questions. The villagers would have resented our doing anything that reflected on their treatment of the child. But as we returned to our station at Momjepom, Joan and I could not erase the tragic picture from our minds. Something had to be done for this starving child.

But what? We consulted our good friend Ateba, the medical-assistant at the Momjepom dispensary. "If she has no parents," he said, "she belongs to Paito, the headman of Mendunge. You must have his permission before you can do anything with the child."

Even as we pondered the problem, the Lord seemed to open the way for us. It happened that one of Paito's wives was in the hospital. That very afternoon he came to see her. This was our chance.

"Paito," said Joan, "this morning in your village we saw a little mongo who looked as if she needed medical attention. We are told she belongs to you. We would like your permission to bring her here to the hospital for treatment."

Joan wants Esther to look at the camera. Ateba is standing.



Paito was really at a disadvantage. With his wife a patient in the hospital he felt he had to give his assent.

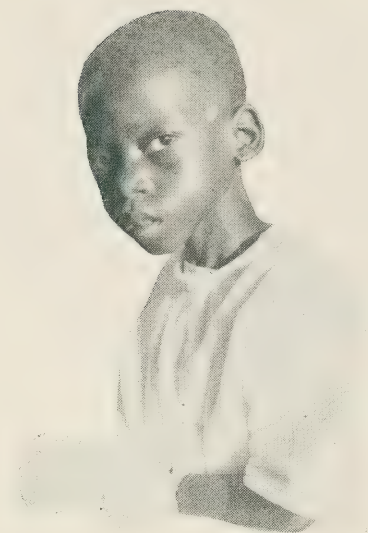
Quickly we returned to Mendunge. The little girl was still squatting by the hut and seemed almost lifeless. She simply stared at us, with no change of expression. We lifted her gently and placed her in the carry-all. Then we rushed back to the dispensary, where Ateba and his staff went to work.

The child was unbelievably filthy, and the stench was unbearable. Her shrunken body was hardly more than a skeleton. She could neither walk nor talk, but when we gave her peanuts and boiled bananas, she reached for them feebly.

Ateba and his staff scrubbed the child from head to toe and then repeated the process twice. When most of the dirt had been removed, we could see that her hands, feet and buttocks were painfully swollen with chiggers, those dreaded African pests which burrow into the flesh. The poor child had been infested with the loathsome parasites for months and possibly years. Each one had to be dug out, and Ateba went about the task as tenderly as possible.

The de-chiggering process took several hours, after which her hands and feet were bandaged and she was clothed in a clean, white hospital gown. Our foundingling was already a transformed person.

Ateba wanted to take her home with him. "I would like to adopt her," he said, "but first I must talk with Rachel, my wife. We have five children. I think this little one would be happy with us."



The next day Ateba greeted us eagerly. "My wife is not sure yet, but I think she will say yes. We have given the child a name. We will call her Esther."

But now we faced another problem. Girl children are a source of wealth to African fathers. They are sold into marriages for a good dowry price, usually going to the highest bidder. With Esther on the road to recovery her guardian might recognize her as a potential asset and try to reclaim her.

We had to take legal steps to have her guardianship changed. We invited Paito to come to our house to discuss the matter. Little Esther was resting in our bedroom. She could not understand the conversation, but she sensed that her future was being discussed. Paito's voice filled her with fear.

Suddenly she cried out in a piteously frightened voice. It was the first time she had spoken. When Joan and I rushed into the bedroom, we discovered she was

After Church Service at Batouri





saying "I don't want to go with him! I don't want to go back!"

Paito and five of his friends were waiting for us in the other room. We asked him to relinquish his legal claim to the child. He was reluctant, but in his superstitious fashion he was worried about what might happen to his wife in the hospital, if he did not do what we asked. Finally he grabbed the pen and signed his name to the statement we had prepared.

When we told Esther, she lay back on the bed with a great sigh of relief and a new light of hope and joy in her eyes.

Time worked wonders on Esther. She began to notice her surroundings and to talk more and more. She refused the "white man's food" and asked for peanuts and plantains. I shall never forget the thrill we felt when she tried for the first time to stand. Her frail, spindly legs wobbled, but with our help she made it.

In the meantime we learned more of Esther's background. Three years before her mother had been sold to another man in a distant village. Esther stayed with her father, who married again. Soon after this her father died, and in a short time her stepmother also died, leaving the five-year old child completely alone.

To the townspeople these deaths could mean but one thing: they were the result of a spell cast by Esther's mother. They believed she had caused an evil spirit (Ngbwel) to dwell in her daughter. It was the Ngbwel that had killed her father and stepmother. Surely this demon would harm anyone who touched the child or tried to care for her. Better that she should die, they reasoned, than that they should fall under the evil spell.

And now we knew the answers to our questions about Esther's misery and neglect. The villagers had shunned her out of fear. And why not? Was it not this terrible spell of evil spirits that for

countless generations had filled their ancestors with terror? Even many of the professing Christians still trembled before the medicine man. Ninety million Africans were still in bondage to this awful darkness of Animism. It governed every phase of their lives—birth, marriage, sickness, death. Men went hunting and made war, and women planted their gardens by the guidance of the spirits. Sometimes the superstitions were harmless, as when a lonely mother would blow a pulverized leaf from the palm of her hand in the direction of the distant city to bring home her wandering boy. But more often than not, as in the case of little Esther, Animism, the tragic curse of Africa, brought a terrible harvest of cruelty, suffering, fear and death.

We had one more barrier to cross before we could be sure that Esther was free from the haunting dread that she would be claimed by Paito, for the pledge he had made and the paper he had signed for us were not legally binding until authorized by the court of the French colonial government in Yokadouma.

Finally the hearing was set. Paito and his friends were on hand. When he saw Esther had literally been brought back to life, he realized what a valuable asset he had lost. But it was too late. The hearing was held, and by government action Esther belonged to Ateba and Rachel.

There was more in all this than the physical reclamation and the emancipation of a starving child. There was the refutation of the fundamental beliefs which kept these poor African people in constant terror. One more blow had been struck at the chains that held them.

It was not by chance that this little girl was given Esther for her new name. "The Esther in the Bible saved the Jews from cruel oppression," Ateba told us. "Some day our Esther may be used to save her people by helping them to know Christ."



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If you are not already on the free mailing list of THE SPIRE please send us your name and address. We shall also welcome the names of Christian friends anywhere in the United States who you think would enjoy these stories of Youth Adventuring for Christ.

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Please print clearly

**SEND TO: THE SPIRE**  
**PRINCETON THEOLOGICAL**  
**SEMINARY**  
Princeton, New Jersey

**Our daughter Ginny meets some Batouri women on their way to a dance.**



**After the hearing at Yokadouma, Paito (hat in hand) has just relinquished his legal claim to Esther. I am examining the birth certificate.**





## The SPIRE

The picture on the cover of "THE SPIRE" shows the spire of Alexander Hall, first occupied by the students of Princeton Theological Seminary in 1817.

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### THE SPIRE

PRINCETON THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY

Princeton, New Jersey



A minister and his family, while leaving for church, received news that the minister's father had passed away. In the congregation that morning none but this family knew of the sorrowing heart out of which the sermon came or why it rang with a new note of courage and faith.

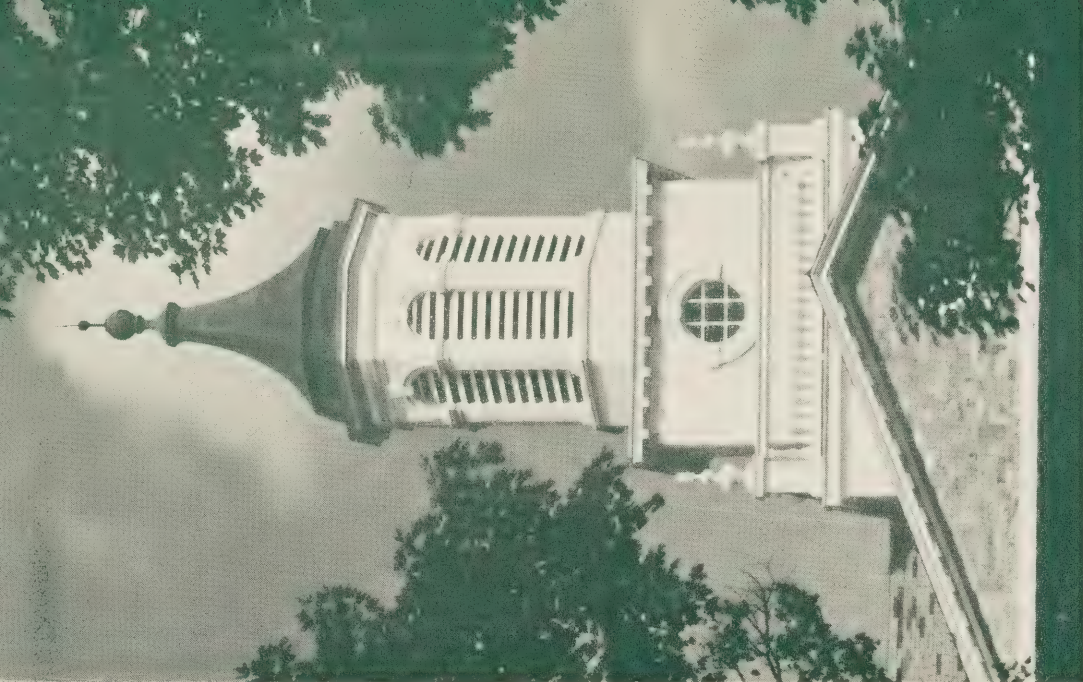
A young Naval Air Corps cadet, nearing his graduation, was disqualified and sent to boot camp because of imperfect vision. Then came the letter from his fiancée calling off their engagement. Recovery from a near nervous breakdown came as he was led to bring recorded music and words of encouragement to other patients and eventually to bring news and sports to thousands over radio and television.

An unconscious Navy "frogman" was miraculously spotted by a fellow swimmer and brought to the surface. The doctor could only shake his head. But the rescuer used artificial respiration until the heart again began to beat. Later, the one who had tasted death wrote with the fire of renewed conviction.

For a split second a college senior fell asleep at the wheel of his car. He had been an outstanding athlete and student, who was considering the ministry. Shortly after his death his parents said to his close friend, "We cannot question why God has taken our son; we feel only gratitude for being able to enjoy him this long."

The minister was my father; the Air Corps cadet, my brother; the "frogman", another brother; the friend, myself. Not the tragedy, but the courage and faith of others, like unclouded streams of light, gradually illumined the dust-filled room of my life. Once heedless to the outstretched hand of God, I was led to see the many things with which my life had already been filled, and I was summoned from the glory of self to the glory of God.

PAUL D. CLARK,  
*Princeton Seminary, '57.*



SPRING 1956

# The SPIRE

Youth Adventuring for Christ

PUBLISHED BY PRINCETON THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY  
PRINCETON, NEW JERSEY



# DIAL FOR PRAYER

The boss was worried.

He had expected a letter in the morning mail that would set his mind at rest about an important deal. Now, as he returned from lunch, he hoped he would find a telegram. Eagerly he looked for the familiar yellow envelope on his desk. Instead, there was a slip of paper bearing these words: "Call MAin 3-8460. URGENT."

"This must be it!" he said to himself. He whirled the dial, the telephone clicked, and to his amazement these words came over the wire:

*"O Lord, support us all the day long of this troublous life, until the shadows lengthen and the evening comes, and the busy world is hushed, and the fever of life is over and our work done. Then in Thy mercy grant us a safe lodging, and a holy rest, and peace at the last; through Jesus Christ our Lord. AMEN."*

At first the boss thought he had dialed the wrong number. Then with growing irritation, he realized that he had been the victim of a hoax, for which he had "fallen" beautifully. He had heard about telephoning for the weather report, but this prayer business was certainly something new. Who sent this message? What wise guy had perpetrated this practical joke on him? He remembered the business deal, and his irritation grew with his disappointment.

He looked again at the slip of paper. "Urgent!" said the message. The prankster had done a good job and the boss smiled in spite of himself. Then in curiosity he dialed the number again, and once more the wonderful words of the prayer came over the wire. This time he listened to their meaning, and somehow the worry that had kept him awake the night before and which had already spoiled half his day began to melt away, for he realized that he had completely forgotten God.

Yes, the practical joker had unwittingly used just the right word. This was

infinitely more urgent than any business deal the boss had ever made.

\* \* \*

The cafeteria was crowded.

The clatter of dishes mingled with the chatter of a hundred voices. A young woman moved slowly with the line toward the cashier's desk. Suddenly she felt an overpowering loneliness, the utter loneliness that comes only in a crowd.

As she opened her wallet, a card which she had picked up in a church vestibule a few days earlier fell out. Her eyes caught the word "Prayer." The card said to dial the number at the bottom.

There was a telephone booth nearby, so she quickly walked over and called the number. She heard a minister's voice speak these words:

*"We thank Thee, heavenly Father, that Thou art with us always. When our hearts are laden with loneliness and despair, we have only to turn to Thee, who art ever waiting to comfort and sustain us. In Thee we find the strength to meet life's burdens with a smile. Grant us now Thy peace, we beseech Thee, in Christ's name. AMEN."*

The young woman hung up the receiver. She no longer felt alone. God had spoken to her.

\* \* \*

A teen-aged girl was dead.

She had been the victim of a tragic accident. Now her parents were experiencing the horrible emptiness that comes when death brings a sudden end to one's dreams. The companionship, the laughter, the plans for college—all were ended. One night in the midst of their despair they turned to their minister friend who had recently installed a prayer telephone at his church. They dialed his number and it seemed that the prayer they heard was beamed directly to them:

*"Through blows and bitter disappointments keep us from wavering doubts and from going around in aimless circles; keep us steady as a star."*



\* \* \*

The circle leader was discouraged.

She felt unequal to her task and was ready to give up her job. While she was pondering the decision, she decided to call her church's prayer telephone. The words of the prayer were meant for her, for she heard her minister say, "All things are possible with God."

She telephoned her co-worker: "I've decided to continue in the service."

\* \* \*

The doctor was tired.

It was 5:30 A. M. He had just left the delivery room, where a young mother and her brand new baby were both doing fine. But for the doctor it had been another long, hard night. He needed a lift.

Then he thought of the Prayer Telephone. He went to the phone and dialed the number. "God is our refuge and strength . . ."

\* \* \*

And so they come, these calls from tired discouraged, worried, careworn people, to busy pastors all over America who have set the prayer telephones at work to meet the needs of the human heart. For twenty-four hours a day the messages go out, sometimes with a special prayer for the morning, another for the night, and a twilight prayer for the children.

*"and hearts are brave again,  
and arms are strong."*

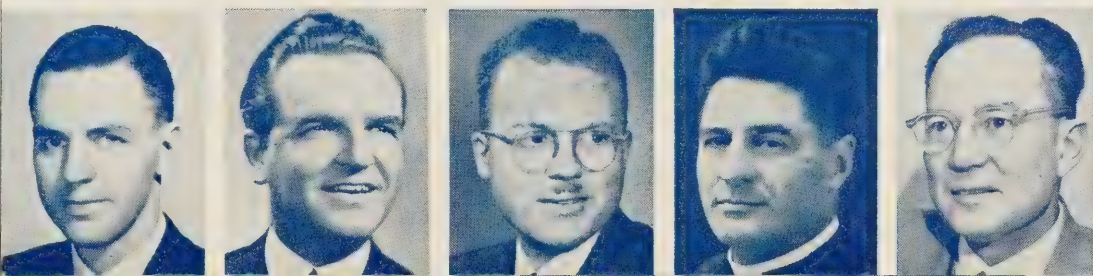
Bryant Kirkland

Stanley Gambell

Hugh Miller

Hale Bucher

Jarvis Morris



The incidents in this article are based on letters received from persons who were helped by the telephone prayer service. These five ministers, all Princeton Seminary alumni, are among the many pastors across the country who have installed such a service in their churches.



# Maimed but **NOT A CRIPPLE**

Reuben Torrey was still conscious. His head pounded and his body throbbed with pain, as the jeep bounced and jolted along the ancient Chinese caravan route. Would it reach the distant field hospital in time?

Somehow Torrey knew that God would spare his life. The two men who were holding him tightened their grip on the belt which was serving as a tourniquet for his crushed right arm. Only a few minutes before there had been a terrifying crash. Two huge Army trucks . . . the awful impact still roared in Torrey's ears.

His life would be spared—but for what? To spend the rest of his days as a cripple? He was fifty-eight. It would not be an easy adjustment.

Then he thought of Paul's words. "And we know that all things work together for good to them that love God." He suddenly realized that he must discover how his misfortune could be used for the glory of God through helping others.

It was then that the conviction came that a man need not be a cripple simply because he has lost a limb. Maimed, yes, but not a cripple. A cripple is one who has surrendered to his handicap. It is an attitude of mind, not a physical limitation. One is a cripple only if he thinks he is. Handicaps can be overcome. Life can be lived normally and joyously despite them.

Several weeks later Torrey was learning that his new life was a fascinating game. The task of adjustment was slow and tortuous, but patience and perseverance were conquering frustration. As a missionary, he was determined to do everything he had ever done before. Although every simple act presented new problems, it was exciting to solve them. There was a new thrill in doing things which before had been commonplace but which now called for concentration and will power.

During these months of painful self-training another conviction grew. The loss of a limb is nothing of which to be ashamed. Any handicap is a misfortune, to be sure, but it is certainly not something for which one should be blamed. If a person accepts his handicap in the right spirit, others will accept him.

After convalescing in America, Torrey returned to China with a new understanding of the problems and needs of amputees, and a vision of starting a special program for men who had lost limbs during the war.

But God's time had not arrived. First there was the job of restoring lives impoverished by war and of rebuilding ruined mission stations. There were millions of dollars from the Restoration Fund of the Presbyterian Church to be wisely spent. There was much traveling to be done, visiting mission stations and helping them to plan the rebuilding programs. Thank God it was an arm and not a leg that had been lost.

It was important work, and very gratifying, although it had nothing to do with meeting the needs of amputees. Then the Communists swept into Shanghai. All missionary activities were curtailed and soon there was nothing more that Torrey could do. He left his unfinished task and returned to America, where followed a two-year speaking tour in churches across the country.

All the while the memory of an unfulfilled vision burned in his soul. Why had he lost his arm? He longed for the answer that would tell him how this



experience could be used to serve the Master in some special way and to help those who had suffered similarly.

One night while he was pondering the problem in the quiet of an evening at home, the answer came. The telephone rang. It was the Board of Foreign Missions calling long distance. Torrey glowed with excitement as he listened. "There are some thirty thousand amputee war casualties in Korea. Almost nothing is being done for them. They are lucky if they can get a crutch or a stick on which to hobble away from the hospital. Then what's left for them but to become beggars, useless and unwanted? We want to start a program for saving and rehabilitating these unfortunate people. We thought with your thirty-nine years of missionary service and your special qualifications for such an undertaking that you would be the ideal person to head up the project. How about it?"

This was the call Torrey had been waiting for. The need was there, and he knew he was the man to fill it. It was a clear command from God.

And so a new missionary program was launched. Once he had arrived in Korea, Torrey soon was immersed in his new work of salvaging victims of a ghastly war, bringing hope and new life to those whose bodies had been mutilated, and restoring self-respect and dignity to despairing souls.

Now, nearly four years later, there are three mission hospitals with special surgery for amputees, limb-making shops and training in the use of artificial limbs. At a fourth center there are accommodations for those who need vocational training. Here amputees themselves are



← **Reuben Torrey, Princeton Seminary '13, opens a door of hope to the amputees of Korea.**

**Amputees at the Vocational Training Center, Taejon, Korea, take their first steps.**







**Learning to be carpenters.**

taught to make limbs, so that they may be able to carry this service of help into other parts of Korea.

Seventy-five percent of the staff engaged in the various phases of the amputee work in the four centers are themselves amputees. The atmosphere of happiness that pervades the centers is striking. The patients are learning that although they are maimed they are not cripples. Life has new meaning for them. They are men among men, and they have found the thrill of using their misfortune to serve others.

The first amputee to receive an artificial leg in one of the hospitals became a Christian during his hospitalization. He returned to an entirely pagan village. Months passed and he came back to the hospital to plead for someone to visit his home and organize a church. When the friends from the hospital arrived, they found three hundred of the villagers had been gathering for worship as a result of this man's testimony.

One woman had lost both of her legs in a bombing raid. Her refugee husband abandoned her in a subway street crossing. She was brought to the hospital, where she was operated on. A few months later she gave birth to a fine baby. It was a long and painful struggle

to learn to walk on artificial legs, but she was determined. Today she is making a home for her children and supporting herself as a laundress, walking daily to and from her job.

When the Americans landed near Seoul, many students left their classes to help handle supplies. Kim Chang Ho was sixteen years old, full of energy and very athletic. As he was carrying a case of ammunition one day, a stray shell struck. The lad was picked up later with both arms blown off. When he came to the amputee center he was morose and easily broke into tears. He felt he was a burden to his family, completely unwanted. He was an outcast from his former school-mates. Black despair was embittering his heart.

Soon Kim was fitted with hooks, and before long he had developed such dexterity that he could even handle eggs. His radiant personality and new-found faith in Christ were an inspiration to the other patients. Now he has become the trainer of arm amputees and he has shown his parents that he is perfectly able to run their chicken farm.

Some time ago a United States Army general visited one of the hospitals. Park Na Bey, who had lost both legs and an arm, was demonstrating how he could walk with one artificial leg and one peg leg, manipulating a crutch with the hook that replaced his missing hand. As he reached the front of the room he suddenly wheeled around and with his face shining addressed the general: "I was nothing but a thing crawling on the ground. Now I am a man again. I feel as though I were in an airplane!"

"He'll make it," the general exclaimed admiringly. "Look at those eyes. He has what it takes!"

The amputee smiled back. "It is God. He makes it possible. God helps us."

God, with a little help from Reuben Torrey.



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Princeton, New Jersey**

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☐ ANNUITY ☐ LIFE DIVIDEND GIFT

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← **War casualties under the care of the  
Korean Amputee Rehabilitation Program.**

**Arm amputees playing Chinese checkers at  
the Taejon Vocational Training Center.**







"I hereby recommend that you be confined until such time as you may be tried for a general court martial."

In January of 1947 a ship's captain spoke these words to an 18-year old Navy seaman. I was that youth.

With these words the world suddenly fell apart before me. This had to be a dream—a nightmare. But as soon as the cell door snapped behind me the terrible reality of it all burst upon me. One careless remark in the presence of an officer had led me into this mess.

I prayed that God would get me out of it, but I prayed unwisely. I should have been asking God for the strength to face the consequences, which for this act could have amounted to eighteen months solitary confinement and a five thousand dollar fine.

Here was my first head-on collision with the adult world. It was a rude awakening. After a long trial I was acquitted, but this experience started a train of thought toward God's purpose for my life.

Several years later His purpose was made clear to me. My mother had been bed-ridden with arthritis and cancer since the early part of 1953. Her wit and fortitude even under these circumstances testified to her unswerving faith in God. My father, who had been caring for her, suddenly passed away in July of 1954. Surely here was a time when Mother could have doubted God's ways. But she didn't.

The disease took its dreaded course and the following January Mother died. Looking back over these past few years I can see that God had a message for me. My mother's silent assurance throughout her long illness was a more eloquent testimony to God's love than words could ever express.

I do not have all the answers to theological questions, but I do have the desire to share with people the belief that God is, that His power is real, and that through Jesus Christ we have the victory. On this I will preach, so help me God.

JAMES P. DARROCH,  
*Princeton Seminary, '58.*

## The SPIRE

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### THE SPIRE

PRINCETON THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY  
Princeton, New Jersey

AUTUMN 1956

# The SPIRE

Youth Adventuring for Christ

PUBLISHED BY PRINCETON THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY  
PRINCETON, NEW JERSEY



# "I give my son..."

by Charles F. Stratton

Princeton Seminary, '51

I first met Ahmad three years ago as he was being examined by the Meshed Church Session for membership. I had newly arrived as a missionary and was a guest at the meeting. One elder asked him, "Why do you want to join the church?"

"Because I know that Jesus is my Saviour and I want to belong to those who believe in him," he replied.

Ahmad's father was a Moslem but his mother was Spanish, and a Christian. She died while Ahmad was a baby. Twenty years later an American missionary had translated for him the words which his mother had long ago written in broken English on the inside cover of her Bible.

*"I hope my little one read this holy book, and our Lord save him. AMEN. O Lord, I give my son to you. May I ask you accept this unable present because I have nothing except my dear one. I hope he become a good Christian and make you satisfied."*

With tear-filled eyes Ahmad listened to his mother's words. Her fervent prayer was soon to be answered. He wanted to become a Christian.

Ahmad and I became good friends. Not long after he had been accepted into the Meshed church, I fell ill with yellow jaundice and was bed-ridden for several months. Ahmad used to come every week to bring a word of cheer and a small handful of flowers, which Persians love so well. Already his commitment to Christ was expressing itself in a loving concern for others.

Last summer in the beautiful wooded slopes of the foothills of the Alborz mountains north of Teheran I met Ahmad after he had just returned from an all-Iran Christian Youth Conference in Isfahan. There was a gleam in his eye which had not been there before.

"Just think of it!" he exclaimed. "We were talking about the Church of Iran! I never realized it before. All the young people felt the same thing. We were imagining that if each of us did his share, the church would grow in no time. We need national leaders. Suppose, for instance, I spoke in church. They would have to listen to me. You know, they listen a lot better to us than to foreigners. The first thing I'm going to do when I return is to start a young people's group!"

That was not the only thing Ahmad started when he returned to Meshed this fall. In the Christian Center which was opened he accepted the devotional leadership one day a week. He studied his Bible seriously, for he was now beginning to "lead his friends to the new life".



Mosque of the Moslem Theological School of Isfahan

So clearly did Ahmad present the Christian message and so definitely did he define the difference between Islam and Christianity that one day some of his offended listeners rose up in revolt and the meeting had to be stopped.

Ahmad's friend and business associate, Khrosrovi, was from a Zoroastrian family. Seeking a deeper understanding of life he began to follow the Sufis, a mystical sect of Islam. Again he failed to find reality, so he turned to the gaieties of society.

Then one day he heard a Christian's testimony. Deeply touched, he sought out Ahmad to discover more. Ahmad brought him for Bible study. Soon he found the reality for which he had been searching. "This is the answer," he ex-

claimed, "Christ working in us!"

Khrosrovi and Ahmad spent their New Year's holiday on an evangelistic tour. "Our business doesn't need us," Ahmad declared. "What we should do is spend all our time traveling from village to village telling the peasants that what Christ has done for us he can do for them."

Khrosrovi even considered going to America to study for the ministry. But current needs were too pressing. There was important work to be done, and now, having taken a job in a Christian bookstore in Teheran, he is serving Christ as an Evangelist.



Charles Stratton was headed for a promising career in aeronautical engineering, but left flying to become a missionary in Iran. Now he is finding new adventure with Christ in the hearts of men.

Snow-capped Mt. Demavand (nearly 19,000 ft.), Iran's highest peak

Ahmad and his friend Khrosrovi (left) study the Bible with me





# THE INVISIBLE PREACHER *by Robert L. McIntire* *Princeton Seminary '39*



*Panoramic view of São Paulo, Brazil*

**"ARE YOU HAPPY**, my friend? Is your life worthwhile?"

Questions like these are reaching thousands of Brazilians daily. They are spoken by an Invisible Preacher. He has no church. He never sees his audience. Yet his sermons have opened a new way of life to this great land of the future.

Who is this Invisible Preacher? In reality he is many men, banded together with a common faith into an organization known as the Centro Áudio-Visual Evangélico, popularly known as the CAVE.

It all started seven years ago when a young student at the Presbyterian Seminary in Campinas, Celso Wolf, turned up one day at my house in São Paulo. He was interested in using my tiny darkroom to develop some color film. We got to talking and soon discovered that each of us had a dream. Mine was to get the Gospel on the air and into the hearts of millions who would never come to an evangelical church. His was to present Christ by parable and object lesson to

people who would never listen to a regular sermon.

That heart-to-heart talk led to a merger of dreams, which eventually became a reality, as God opened the doors for us. First there came a thrilling opportunity for me to attend a "Radio Workshop" in the United States. While studying to learn the techniques of radio, I wrote Celso: "I can't offer you a salary, but when I get back I can give you a chance to make our dream come true." The return mail brought his answer. "I am willing to begin in faith that God, who has given us the vision, will not let us fail."

We had no money—only faith and a dream. But God opened another door. The tiny darkroom had become impossibly small for our work. How grateful we were when the Union Presbyterian Church in São Paulo offered us the use of a piece of property they had recently purchased. There was a lovely garden in the midst of which stood an old wash-house. This became our "studio".

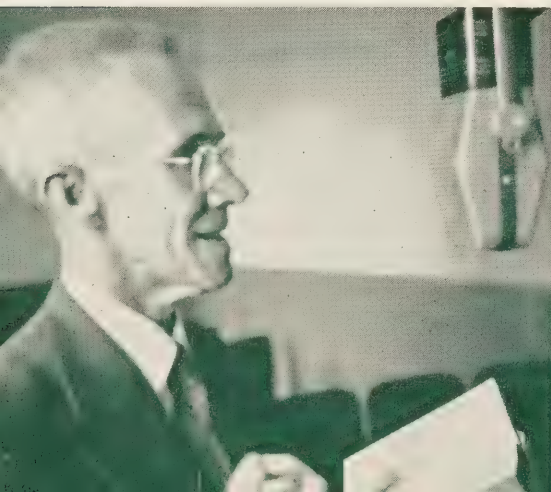
We began to produce recordings, which friendly radio stations put on the air. We fixed up the wash-house and gave it a new name. Each of our radio programs began with: "This program is being produced in the Garden of Olives."

Soon we were turning out daily five-minute programs of music, Bible verses and "a thought for the day". More stations became interested. Utilizing the talents of young people from the churches, we began producing half-hour dramatic programs. An outstanding professional actor and radio personality, intrigued by the dramatic possibilities in the parables and in the lives of great Christians, lent his enthusiastic support and guidance. For a time he was separated from his wife and daughter, but his home life has now been restored. A short time ago he said to me: "God has worked miracles with me." God is also working miracles through him.

Our rapidly expanding operation presented a serious problem. We needed a trained technician. The need became a prayer. The prayer became an answer in the person of Alberto del Nero, one of Brazil's leading engineers. A scientific skeptic, Alberto had married Jessy, a lovely Christian girl. Jessy believed in Alberto. She also believed in God. Before marriage she insisted that in their home there should be family prayers and grace at the table. Jessy did the praying; Alberto endured.

Result: the young engineer became an enthusiastic Christian and the CAVE had found its technician. Alberto made our inadequate equipment do miracles. He worked night and day with his young Christian helpers, modernizing our studio to meet the growing demand for the message of the Invisible Preacher. Millions were assembling in theaters, auditoriums and on the street corners throughout Brazil to hear the truth of God for the first time made real and vivid for their own lives.

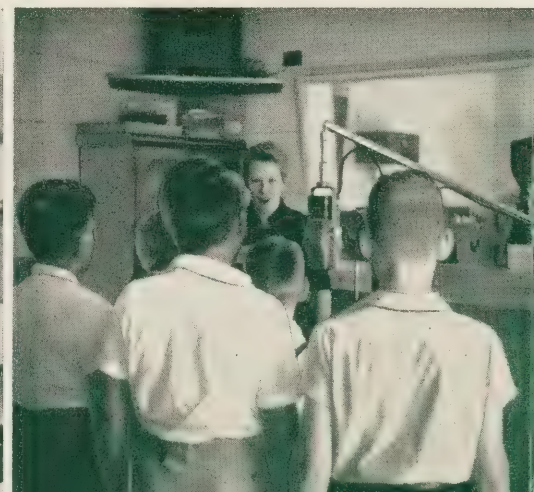
*The Rev. José Borges dos Santos, Jr., Moderator of the Brazilian Presbyterian Church, one of the Invisible Preachers.*



*Recording a religious drama in our CAVE studio, with me at the controls*



*On the air! The boys' choir, directed by Da. Nilce Borges do Val, a graduate of the Westminster Choir College.*







**The CAVE staff, planning a program in the Garden of Olives. Left to right: Alberto del Nero, McIntire, Celso Wolf and Enos Ribeiro de Barros.**

Then came a furlough in the United States, during which time Celso and Alberto studied American techniques in audio-visual work and advanced engineering, having both received scholarships. We returned to Brazil to face opportunities that far exceeded our fondest dreams. During our absence the Reverend José Borges dos Santos, Jr., Moderator of the Presbyterian Church of Brazil, had been the Invisible Preacher. On our first day back he pointed to a great pile of letters. "There are enough questions to keep us busy for the next four months!" he exclaimed.

Through the energetic labors of its enthusiastic staff, the CAVE now produces daily radio programs that are ever increasing in radius and scope. A five-minute daily meditation is heard over one of Brazil's most powerful stations (50,000 watts) every week-day morning in the well-known "Garden of Olives" broadcast. Correspondence comes in from all of the 21 states of Brazil, and letters have been received from Uruguay, Paraguay and the West Indies.

"Goals for Life" and "The Voice of the Sanctuary" are other five-minute

programs, aimed at guiding Brazil's millions of radio listeners into Christian living and witness. In addition to these meditations, a half-hour program, called "Spiritual Realities", is heard over eight stations each night. This program is a direct attempt to meet contemporary man with the challenge of Christ, dealing with Christian interpretations in the fields of psychology, philosophy and sociology. It has met with immediate response.

On Sundays conventional worship programs are broadcast, and a series of weekly dramatic programs is being prepared in the studios of the CAVE, treating such thorny topics as gambling, alcoholism, infidelity, and the like.

Radio is only one phase of the CAVE's creative work. During its five years of existence more than fifty filmstrips have been produced in its laboratories and a new movie department has recently begun its activities. Religious records were placed on the market last year, and a new "Made in Brazil" 35mm slide and film-strip projector, adapted to the needs of the interior towns and villages, has been perfected and made available to ministers, and missionaries and lay workers.

For a few weeks our evening radio program was forced off the air because of pressure from our enemies. A flood of telephone calls and letters of protest reached the manager, who commented: "We're putting the Garden of Olives back on the air. We can't afford to lose our most popular program."

Some time ago a neighbor, a Bible in her hand, approached one of our helpers and asked, "Is this the word of God which your radio preacher always advises us to use as a guide for life?"

Once again in the world's fastest growing city, São Paulo, and out across the vast spaces of the awakening land of Brazil the words of the prophet are fulfilled: "The people that walked in darkness have seen a great light."



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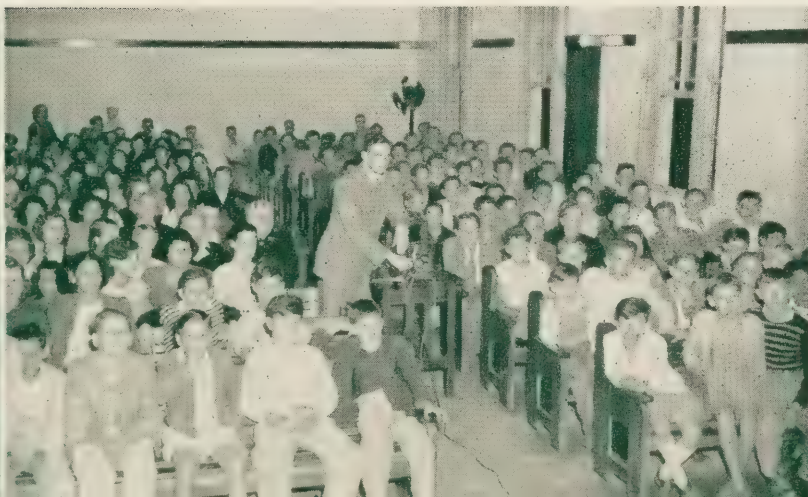
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**Celso Wolf shows filmstrips, created and produced by himself, to a group of school children.**



**Typical outdoor audience hears one of our "live" radio broadcasts in a Belo Horizonte public park.**







"Daddy, why do I have to go to Sunday school? You never do!"

That is how my five-year-old son started me thinking. I decided to go to Sunday school.

Then one day, when I had arrived at the point of accepting Luke's story of Jesus, I became aware of the fact that mere intellectual assent is not enough. I felt as if I were standing at a threshold. Christ was within. For a moment I was hesitant, because I knew that to go in would be at the expense of my freedom.

Commitment to the Lord introduced into my life the new and exciting purpose of serving him, and in it I discovered the true meaning of freedom. I prayed for direction, and the first answer came when the Sunday school superintendent asked me to teach. I knew so little. How could I teach? Yet the need was urgent. There were many who said they believed, but few who were willing to teach.

During that first year, I enrolled in our church's teacher training program, and as I taught, I learned. The following year, after office hours, I attended the evening school of a Bible institute—at first one night and then two nights a week. Meanwhile, I continued to pray for God's direction.

I was forty-one years old, an executive with a successful insurance company, when my son asked "why" again. This time, "Why don't you become a minister, Dad?"

Ridiculous! Me a minister? I'll admit the idea had occurred to me before, but I had rejected it completely. But now, ridiculous as it was, the thought kept recurring, until soon I found myself wishing that I were a minister. Well, why not?

When I spoke to my wife about it, her enthusiastic response reinforced the certainty in my heart. Now, here we are. With my Seminary course half completed, I am as confident as I was two years ago that God has revealed to me his purpose for my life. What is it? To prepare myself for the full-time Christian ministry so that I may satisfy the desire that he has planted in my heart to preach the Gospel.

ROGER E. KELLOGG,  
*Princeton Seminary, '58*

## The SPIRE

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### THE SPIRE

PRINCETON THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY  
Princeton, New Jersey

SPRING 1957

# The SPIRE

Youth Adventuring for Christ

PUBLISHED BY PRINCETON THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY  
PRINCETON, NEW JERSEY



# FORGOTTEN AMERICANS

by Ruth F. Frazer  
Princeton Seminary, '48

WHEN YOU HEAR the word "Indian," what do you think of? Feathers, war paint, blankets, and tomahawks, no doubt. Or maybe you remember some of those terrifying savages who used to chase your favorite hero in the cowboy movies, when you were a youngster.

No sense telling you that the American Indian is forgotten. How could you ever forget those thrilling westerns, or the games you used to play, or the fascinating lore you studied in your early school days? Why, you could never forget about Indians. How can anyone say they are forgotten!

That's just the trouble. *Those* Indians are not forgotten. But what about the American Indian today? What do you know about him? What do you know of his life, his opportunities, his struggle to hold his head up against the forces of a primitive environment?

Maybe you were fortunate enough to hear a group of eight Indian young people who made a five-week tour of American churches not long ago. If so, you heard them describe their own efforts to achieve some of the advantages that other American young people enjoy. Was it a surprise to you to see that they looked like any ordinary group of high school teen-agers from your own home town?

They deserve a better break, you thought, and your admiration of them grew as you heard them tell what their faith in Christ meant to them. Theirs was a struggle against terrific odds, and it was obvious that for them Christianity was not something to be taken for granted. As you heard them talk, you realized that there were many factors behind their Christian conversion.

Take Ferrell Secakuku, for example. You remember him especially. He was

the Hopi who played the drum, a member of a tribe of some five thousand Hopi Indians in New Mexico. He told how he grew up speaking his native language and listening to the ancient tales of his people. Often he had watched and occasionally participated in the colorful, rhythmic dances which have formed such a rich part of the tradition of the Indian race. He had witnessed ceremonies in which the tribal leaders sought to appease the spirits. His forefathers in their fear of famine and drought had put their trust in these heathen rituals.

What future was there for a boy or girl growing up in this environment, you wondered. How could they ever hope to break away from these bonds of ancient custom, which chained them to a backward way of life?

One answer was to go away to school and learn the language and skills of the white man. Ferrell's parents, like many other Indian parents, were wise enough to want their children to have this education. Ferrell and his brothers were sent to the Ganado Mission, because there is no complete high school on the Hopi reservation. His parents run the trading post in Second Mesa. The Church has been at work among the Hopis in their mesa villages for many years. The Presbyterian Mission Station at Ganado in all its field of labor has been growing for over fifty years. Many long hours of routine and inspired effort and the lives of many Christians are behind Ferrell's conversion.

Ferrell told how he was chosen along with the seven other young people to make this five-week tour of American churches. Each of them had to earn the \$75 which was necessary to pay his own expenses on the trip. It must have seemed like the climax of a fairy tale to Ferrell, for here he was, an Indian Christian boy from a reservation, embarking on the greatest adventure of his young life.

For him it was much more than a lark, however. It was a chance to acquire an education about America which he and his friends could never get from books. And more—it was an opportunity to tell America about their own people, who were the first Americans.

As you heard them talk, you knew what their trip meant to them. To be sure, there was fun—plenty of it! There was growing friendship such as even the years together at Ganado had not developed. There were the experiences they shared, as they talked about what they had seen and heard in the many Christian homes where they were entertained.

Then there were the times of prayer together, when they asked God to bless them and to make them a blessing, as they sought to tell Christian people of the new role of the Indian in the life of the Church and the nation. Night after night across the country people like you



Deserted Navajo home near Ganado.

had gathered at the church to listen to these eight young people tell their story. You remember smiling and wondering whether the audience or they themselves got more out of the meetings.

"What does it mean to be an Indian in our country today?", someone would ask. "How do you feel about the future of your people?" Challenging questions to a teenager, but they were more than equal to the task. One night in Washington, D. C. someone asked eighteen-year old Ruth Ann what advantage there was for an Indian to be a Christian under their present living conditions.

"There are nearly 75,000 members of our Navajo tribe living today on a reservation in New Mexico and Arizona," she answered. "Most of the Navajo children who are sent off to school are not prepared to relate what they have learned to the ways of their own people. The white man's standards which they have been taught are not accepted and they feel bewildered and lost. They don't seem to belong any place. A Christian Navajo has a real advantage over his fellow tribesmen, because he has Christ to show him the way. With him as our leader, we can stand any hardship in patient love, while we do our part to help our people."

Forgotten people? Yes, but not by you any more. For you left the meeting that night with a vision of a great missionary frontier, where the church can help—a frontier in America's own backyard!

These Indian young people made the tour of American churches. Ferrell Secakuku is on the extreme right.



Ganado Mission High School, where Miss Frazer was Dir. of Christian Education for 5 years. At present she is working under the National Council of Churches, still in the Navajo field.



## REVISED REVOLUTIONARY

by Harry Peters

*Princeton Seminary, '38*

"NOW I AM SURE I'm a Christian." When Prof. Abelard Cuadra saw that his statement had aroused my curiosity, he continued: "In my former days as a soldier I should not have rested day or night until I avenged myself on those rascals!"

The lean, lively man was relating to me the story of his recent imprisonment, a humiliation which was entirely the result of misrepresentation. "I know I'm a Christian because I harbor no desire for revenge. I do not even want to know who was responsible."

Brother Cuadra was no stranger to jails and the sterner disciplines of life. As a political refugee from Nicaragua he had led a rough existence both in and out of military service. What a thrill it has been to me through the course of several years to observe the growth in grace of this energetic revolutionary. During our many conversations I have also been able to collect many anecdotes from his colorful career, commencing with his graduation from the military school in Nicaragua.

After an ill-starred attempt to overthrow the government of the late dictator Samozá, Cuadra fled to the neighboring republic, Costa Rica. Trying to settle down to the tame life of a banana plantation worker, he was approached one day by a disreputable looking stranger.

"Are you Lieut. Cuadra?" Receiving an affirmative nod from the suspicious revolutionary, the stranger continued. "We need you to lead us in an attempt to overthrow the government of Panama."

The plot unfolded. Eighteen men in a railway freight car had a few rifles and revolvers. "You receive five thousand in cash and a job with the new government, if we win," the exiled soldier was told. Arms and men were to be flown in from Cuba to this band of adventurers. Revolution was meat and drink to Cuadra. "Let's go," he said, and without even resigning from his job he took off with the party for the border of Panama on the somewhat absurd expedition.

At the border, according to plan, arms and reinforcements were to join them by air from Cuba. These never materialized, and the Panamanian army learning of their presence, rounded up the invaders and herded them aboard a freighter about to sail. Without visas or passports no Caribbean country would permit them to enter.

After a dismal cruise to many ports, their ship pulled into Havana harbor, where by pre-arrangement they were declared "Nazi spies!" The frustrated insurrectionists were whisked off to a

concentration camp. Months of privation and misery followed, before Cuadra was finally able to obtain a release for his return to Costa Rica.

As a civilian once more he tried a number of occupations, including the promoting of prize fighters. About this time he met Aida, the young woman who was soon to be his wife. Through her influence the first seeds of the Christian Gospel were sown in the revolutionary. Although he had a dim view of religion and those "taken in" by it, he was willing to go anywhere to be with Aida, so they began to attend the evening services in the Templo Biblico.

Cuadra was an inquisitive man. He began to tarry after services to ask questions of the minister. Aida was delighted and feeling sure that her energetic suitor was now a Christian and ready for complete domestication, she consented to matrimony.

But the call of the wild was still strong upon him, and shortly after the wedding Cuadra yielded to it once more. "It will be easy," he was told in the back room of a bar. "We go to Cuba. We train our men. We outfit our ship. We sail to Santo Domingo. With one good stroke we overthrow Trujillo and his henchmen." The Santo Domingo political exiles described their plan in glowing terms. Knowing what her reaction would be, Cuadra set off on another ill-fated expedition without even telling Aida. After training, setting sail and skirmishing once with a Santo Domingo gunboat, the revolutionaries were dissuaded from their invasion plans by the Cuban navy, which overtook them as they approached their island objective.

The return to Costa Rica and the reconciliation with Aida were effected. Time passed. A family was begun. Cuadra tried earning a living at a variety of pursuits. Meanwhile, no serious interest was taken in spiritual matters.

When political disorders commenced in Costa Rica, the lieutenant looked care-

fully at the situation. The president had become a personal acquaintance, and in true Latin loyalty Cuadra rallied to the banner of friendship. But once more he chose the wrong horse. The day the government fell a subordinate thrust into his hands the official government gazette, exclaiming, "Did you know you are now commander-in-chief of the Costa Rican army?" There was no time to enjoy the prestige of this new responsibility, however, for the president fled, the army disintegrated, and Cuadra was forced to take refuge in the Mexican embassy.

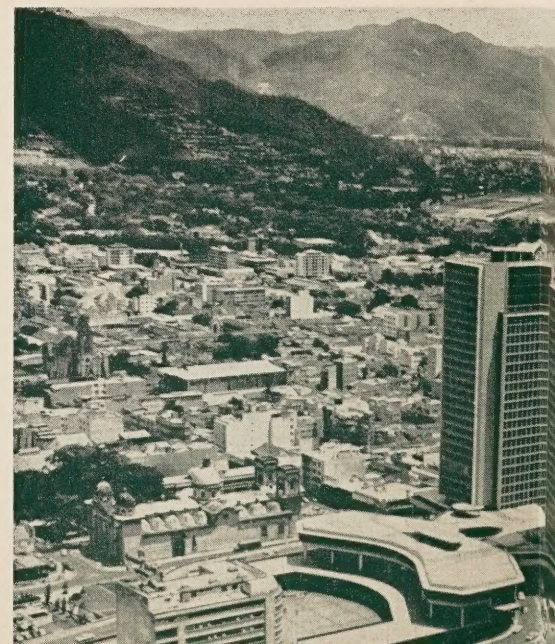
"If we ever escape this situation," Abelard vowed to Aida, "I shall never again return to revolutions as a career." Shortly thereafter he was given a visa for Venezuela. Aida tore herself from her native land and with their two small children the Cuadras arrived in Maracaibo, where Abelard obtained a position as a school teacher.

He began to attend to spiritual things. The family attended faithfully the Protestant services. As a new believer, however, Cuadra thought that in the role



*Abelard Cuadra and family.*

*The beautiful city of Caracas.*





of a faithful evangelical he should transfer his combative instincts into a one-man war against the Roman Church. He soon found that this method was not conducive to holding a job in the public school system of Venezuela. He drifted from one teaching post to another, until he finally learned about the Presbyterian Mission School in Caracas.

"Our faculty is complete for this coming school year," he was told during his interview with Dr. Alan Hamilton, Principal of the Colegio Americano. "But we have a small branch school in the town of Guatire, about twenty-five miles from here. The missionary director has had to resign because of a family health problem. We'll give you a try as principal of that school, if you're interested."

The versatile ex-soldier was soon hard at it in his new environment. It was then that I began to see him frequently, as his liaison representative with the mission. My task seemed to be that of applying the brakes to the host of fantastic ideas and projects which seemed to occur daily to his fertile brain. The school had no boarding facilities, so Cuadra began to take out-of-town youngsters into his own family circle. When I asked him if they had some kind of daily worship with all the pupils, he replied: "We can't. No room in this old house is large enough for the student body of one hundred boys and girls. Anyway," he added, "I am a new believer, and I don't feel competent to direct chapel services."

"You read THE UPPER ROOM for your own family devotions, don't you?" I asked. "You could give the students a brief review of it each day."

On my next visit, as I was leaving, he said: "Don't go yet. It's ten o'clock—time for chapel." The school patio filled with pupils. They lined up by grades under the brilliant tropical sun and commenced by vigorously shouting the school hymn, "Jesus Saves," considerably

out of tune. Principal Cuadra gave a thumbnail sketch of what he had read in the devotional booklet, announcements were made, and that was it.

"A Sunday school is needed in Guatire," I remarked on another occasion. "You have the facilities of the school. A bi-weekly preaching service is not enough for this community."

"But we can't be in two places at once," Cuadra protested. "We have to help in the Sunday program in Guarenas." To a military man, however, the suggestion was an order. On my next visit Cuadra reported that a school had been formed with an attendance of twenty-five children the first Sunday, increasing on successive weeks.

Professor Cuadra showed a real concern for the community. When the newspapers told the story of the floods in the lowlands, and the privations of many families driven from their homes, Cuadra canvassed his town for food, clothing and funds for relief.

Observing the life of the young fellows of the town, devoted only to passing idle hours in the bars and billiard halls, the new principal went to Caracas to find mats, weights and other muscle-building equipment. He installed these in the school and opened the doors after class hours for youths interested in developing their biceps. Exposed as they were to the tireless personal work of the Cuadras, the young men who dared to enter were soon thoroughly evangelized.

All the while Abelard was growing in his own understanding of the Christian faith. He was learning that becoming a Christian was the greatest adventure of all. Even his combative bitterness toward the Roman Church was mollified. When he received a Christmas card from the Roman Catholic nuns in Guatire, whom he had befriended, he reported the fact to me as a great triumph in community relations.

July 5 is Independence Day in Venezuela. It is a national holiday, with parades, speeches and other festivities. After much drilling and preparation the Colegio Americano of Guatire was duly entered in the town parade. The results were gratifying. Cuadra's pupils had done so well that they were invited to participate in the parade of the neighboring town of Guarenas.

As they gathered in the town plaza to bring an end to the day of excitement and triumph, Principal Cuadra was very happy, especially when he was called upon for a short speech, as the floral tribute of the school was placed on the monument of Venezuela's liberator, Simon Bolivar. Unfortunately, however, the enthusiastic professor made a few observations with political implications.

A few days later he was arrested by the secret police. "We have orders from the governor," they announced. "Your



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remarks on Independence Day were reported to him."

After several days in the state capital jail in company with assorted drunks and pick-pockets, Cuadra was called up for presentation of his case. When he was taken he had had the presence of mind to pick up his written speech, and he now presented it to the authorities. A careful study of the document convinced them that there was nothing too dangerous about the man or what he had said. The case was dismissed.

It was after this experience that the ex-revolutionary told me: "The whole matter is closed, as far as I am concerned. My feeling toward those who maligned me before the authorities is proof enough to me that I am now a new person in Christ."

Harry Peters was formerly mission secretary at Caracas. He has been in missionary work with various Latin American countries since 1938.

Caracas in scenic Venezuela.







I can well remember that day as a college freshman when I sat with the results of the Stanford-Binet Aptitude Test before me. I wanted to become a minister. The test indicated I was best suited to become a lawyer.

Actually this was no surprise to me. I had been interested in a law career since early in high school. But since then I had felt an arresting hand on my shoulder. I finally realized that God was calling me to be a minister of the Gospel. As I consider what led to this call, three things were most decisive.

First, I was raised by a mother whose chief desire in life was to lead her children to a commitment to Jesus Christ. As I look back for reasons why I am preparing for the ministry, her devotion to Christ is foremost.

But as often happens, I later began to rebel against the spiritual training of my early youth. I felt that my fraternity friends had really found life, without the emotional and intellectual limitations of my mother's faith.

It was a critical period for me, and in retrospect I am amazed and grateful for the providential guidance of God. One night I consented to my mother's request to attend a Bible study class and there I met a wonderful group of young people from a nearby Christian academy. I returned home with a burning desire to go there. How grateful I was when a scholarship opportunity was provided. It was while attending the academy that I was led to reconsider my life and Christ's place in it. This was the second decisive factor.

The third came at the end of my senior year in college, when a young medical missionary invited me to accompany him into the interior of Mexico. At the time I still wanted to be a lawyer. But as we traveled the hundreds of miles of unpaved ruts, I made a discovery within myself. I saw physical and spiritual poverty such as I never dreamed existed. But I also found a spiritual richness in the little communities of Christians, which moved me deeply. The power of Christ to transform lives took on new meaning. Then I knew that my place was in the Christian ministry; God was calling me not to law but to grace, to proclaim the matchless Grace of Jesus Christ.

CLIFFORD F. CUSTER, *Princeton Seminary, '58*

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AUTUMN 1957

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Youth Adventuring for Christ

PUBLISHED BY PRINCETON THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY  
PRINCETON, NEW JERSEY

Non-Profit Organization  
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